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THE

HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

CHAPTER II.

It may be fairly presumed that Farmer Pearson has lost no time in acquainting his son and heir with the change that has taken place in his prospects, for although little more than a few hours have elapsed since the breaking up of the conclave at which we have so unceremoniously assisted, two young people may be seen walking slowly through the fields that lie between the Uplands and the low hills beyond the village, where the ruined tower still glows in the last rays of the setting sun, while the dusk of evening is gathering over the rest of the landscape.

The air is fresh and deliciously balmy, for the fields are covered with new-mown hay; and every copse and dingle, every roadside hedge, every cottage-garden, is full of blossoms. And we are, moreover, so near the sea that whiffs of its mysterious breath are wafted inland from its slowly-darkening bosom, and mingle with the subtle essences exhaling in the twilight from every leaf and bud around us.

One of the pair is a handsome, intelligent-looking young man, whose ruddy complexion and crisp brown curls bear an unmistakable likeness to Farmer Pearson: though his voice, expression and manner—notwithstanding their rustic simplicity—betray a degree of refinement that can only result from cultivation of a much higher order than his sire can boast of.

His companion is a slight, fair girl of nineteen, of particularly gentle and pleasing appearance, but not in the least a beauty; unless, indeed, a pair of large gray eyes, of the sweetest and frankest expression, looking out from under a clear and open brow, shaded by the silken folds of her soft, golden hair, and a small rosy mouth, where smiles and dimples are equally at home, may be held to constitute her such.

But whatever may be her claims to good looks in the eyes of others, to Harry Pearson, who has known and loved her from her cradle, who has grown up with her, sharing in the cares and instruction which her excellent aunt had bestowed alike on the four children who seemed, under her kindly auspices, to form but one family,—and who cannot remember the time when he did not look upon her as his "little wife!"—Bessy Mathews is the epitome of all womanly beauty and perfection.

The pair are walking very slowly, and a little part, for Bessy has resisted all Harry's reitera- attempts to get hold of her hand, much the amazement and discomfiture of that ingoing individual, who cannot imagine what means by treating him in this formal way; un like herself, and so especially uncalled thinks poor Harry, as he paces somewhat efully beside her, now that the obstacles to ir union are so happily removed, and the oth—plighted so long ago, and so faithfully by them both—is ratified by the express nent of their seniors.

ssy, however, is talking on very earnestly, in so low a voice, almost as though fear- to be overheard, that we must draw a nearer if we would hear what she is ing.

I should never be happy," she says, "if I that I had allowed poor Dick to be wrong- of his birthright for me. I have never be- ed, as you know, Harry, not for one mo- that Dick took that money. And ugh the circumstances of his disappearance all against him, yet, knowing him as I do, high spirit, his pride, and above all, his ht and affectionate nature, I am sure he could have debased himself to such a I have always hoped and believed that ould come back to us some day or other, clear up these dreadful, puzzling things. know, Harry," she adds, turning to him, lingly, "that I have always hoped so, and s still."

at this letter, my darling Bessy, telling of death—"

Was never sent by Dick!" interrupted , eagerly. "Think of him as you knew Harry, as we all knew him, and tell me could be possible for him to send such a heartless, wicked message to father! I you he never did it, Harry; he never could ve done it!"

"Certainly, it does seem impossible; but the ible, and Aunt Mary's handkerchief, who but could send them back?"

can't understand it, Harry; it is very lexing, and drives me almost mad when I it all over. But I just do not and can- believe that Dick had anything to do with ing back those things, or with the letter. say this seems wilful and foolish to you, y; but I can't help it."

No, not wilful nor foolish, darling; you nnot think I could be so unjust—only per- a little unreasonable, if I must say the God knows how loth I am to pain my dearest Bessy, how sorry I am to to think hardly of one whom I always upon as my brother, and whom I should glad to love now as my real brother," ntinues, with another unsuccessful at to possess himself of Bessy's hand; darling, why will you be so shy and so when we have hardly seen one another ese tiresome months? I am sure I wish, the very bottom of my heart, that you be in the right, and that poor Dick were back among us again as he used to be; and yet I must say that I do not see what ground you can have for any such hope. But tell me all that is on your mind, Bessy; and let us see whether you can manage to convince me, or whether I can convince you."

"But I don't want to be convinced of any thing against Dick," replied Bessy, quickly; and as to convincing you, Harry, I fear that would be difficult. All I wished to tell you is, that, feeling as I do about Dick, this new will my father has made makes me very unhappy."

"Oh, Bessy!" cries Harry, in a tone of tender reproach that goes to the poor girl's heart, "can it make you unhappy when it has been the means of obtaining my father's consent to what will make me so very happy? nay, dearest, to what will, I hope, make us both so very happy? Eh, Bessy?" says Harry, turning towards her, and looking into her eyes for an answer.

But Bessy answers only with a mournful shake of the head, and does not even raise her eyes from the ground.

More and more astonished at this seeming indifference, "Speak, Bessy!" at length exclaims the young man almost fiercely, as a sudden pang of undefined, jealous fear shoots through his heart, "speak, and tell me what *does* all this mean?"

"Oh, Harry!" cries Bessy in a low, earnest voice, moved from her assumed coldness by his look and tone, and involuntarily holding out both her hands to him, while her eyes fill with tears she cannot repress, "don't you know me better than to doubt me?"

"There's my own Bessy!" exclaims Harry joyously, and clasping her in his arms before she has time to resume the defensive, his sudden anger vanishing at the sight of those loving, tearful eyes, "now give me one kiss—just one, darling, to show that you forgive me, and then I will let you go, and listen quietly to all you have to say!"

Whether the required ransom is paid or not it is difficult for a by-stander to ascertain; but, at all events the captive is released, and the slow walk resumed as before; with this difference, however, that one of Bessy's soft little hands remains a prisoner despite all her efforts to release it. As to Harry's arm having stolen into the neighborhood of her waist, why, that is really no affair of ours.

"But indeed, Harry," says Bessy, in a tone of remonstrance that seems to have some reference to this new arrangement, "indeed you should not—"

"Should not what, Bessy?" interposes Harry, mischievously, but resolutely maintaining his advantage.

"—Should not have interrupted me so foolishly. Now pray don't, Harry! pray be quiet! I have really something very important to say!" pleads Bessy.

"Well, fire away, darling!" cries Harry; "I won't interrupt you again. But first of all tell me why you are so unhappy about this will?"

"How can I help being unhappy about it—and about this promise my father has made to Farmer Pearson to give me the Uplands—when, after all, Dick may come back and prove himself innocent of the things he is charged with?"

"Then you really think he is not dead?"

"He may be dead," she replies, sadly, "and sometimes I almost think he must be dead; for it seems so strange that he should have left us all these long years without a word. But I don't believe him dead any the more for this horrible letter. Indeed—I hardly know why—but I find myself thinking even more of his coming back and clearing himself, since it came, than I did before. For if Dick did not send it, and I am sure he did not, it must be the work of some enemy, and this enemy may have been at the bottom of all the trouble."

"But what enemy can he have? Poor Dick certainly never harmed any one until he did himself this great harm of running away. And besides—even if he had an enemy—had he not friends also? Could he not have written to you, or to Aunt Mary? or to me, who would gladly have done my best to help him, if he had got himself into any scrape. Could he not even have written to Parson Dale, or to the Squire, who were always so partial to him? I only wish I could think as you do Bessy; but all the circumstances—"

"Are terribly against him; I know it; but still they do not absolutely prove him to be guilty," interposes Bessy.

"I hardly see how the thing could be plainer, unless he came back himself and confessed it all," urges Harry, sorely unwilling to take sides against Bessy on a subject which lies so near her heart, and yet wishing, if possible, to shake a hope which he fears can only be productive of disappointment, all the more bitter for being longer delayed.

"Let us look carefully at the circumstances, my dearest Bessy," he continues, "and first of all about the money. Your father's old friend,

THE LOVERS' TRYST.

John Douglass—as worthy a soul as breathes—comes here to collect the taxes, as he has done for these five-and twenty years; and—as usual—he puts up at your father's, who never will allow him to go to the inn. He has the same room that he always has when he comes to the Uplands; and everything in his room is the same as usual. Well: one day he leaves his pocket-book—containing some five hundred pounds—locked up in the old bureau in his bed room, where he has locked up his money so many times before; takes the keys of the bureau and of the bed room door in his pocket, and goes off on his rounds for the day. It so happens that your father, who has some business to do in the same direction, has settled to go with him; so that it was known in the house that they would both be away all day. Meantime, what happens? That, indeed, we cannot positively tell; but this is certain, that when John Douglass comes back at night, he finds the room and the bureau *still* locked—*everything* just as he had left it—but the money is gone. And it is clear that it must have been taken by some one who is acquainted both with the room, and with John Douglass's habits; some one who had false keys, and who knew how to use them; some one in short, who is perfectly at home on the premises. Well; the money is gone, and Dick—who has long been hankering after a sea life, and who has latterly been more urgent than ever with your father to let him go to sea—who has had almost a quarrel with him on this subject, as you know, Bessy, only the day before—is gone too. You remember that afternoon, Bessy; and the very words he used in his violent dispute with your father only the day before the money, and he too, were missing; for you heard them yourself, and you cannot have forgotten them. You remember how he declared that if he were hindered from following his wish in one way, he would see if he could not find another. How he said, 'It's of no use telling me I must stay and take care of the farm; I was never made for it, and I shall never be good for aught if you keep me here. Give me only money enough to take me on board a ship, and I will never ask you for more.' And when your father said, 'No—not a farthing to help him to his disobedience and folly,' you remember how Dick stood up and answered, 'I tell you, father, that I want a sea-life, and I will have it; and you may as well give me my way now, or I may take it in a manner that would not be pleasant to you. And remember, father, if I am driven to do that which I may be sorry for having done, it will be yourself who have forced me to it.' You remember all this, Bessy; and you know that the very next day the money was gone, and Dick had disappeared."

"Yes, indeed, Harry, I remember it all only too well," replied Bessy, with a sigh. "But why—even if he had made up his mind to run away—should he take that money, which he knew was not John Douglass's own, but only the taxes he had gathered, and which he must have known my father would be obliged to repay him?"

"But, my dearest Bessy, if Dick had made up his mind to run away, and was determined to have money to take with him, where else could he have got any. Aunt Mary—fond as she was of him—would not have thought it right to help him to disobey his father; and you know that Farmer Mathews himself had no money in the house at the time."

"But why should he take so much?" persists Bessy, "what could he want with so large a sum?"

"Perhaps he thought he could trade with it beyond seas—for I do not believe he could have meant, when he left, to join the smugglers; perhaps he was in too much hurry and fear at the moment to think of opening the pocket-book, and taking out only a small sum. We can't pretend to know why he took it all; but the fact is that it was all taken; and that your father—to hush up the matter, and keep the thing as quiet as possible—was obliged to mortgage the Uplands in order to raise money to make good the loss to John Douglass. Well, the money and Dick both gone, what happens next? Why, the very next day John Douglass begins his rounds in L———, and calls, among other places, at the Pig and Whistle; and when the landlord pays his taxes, what does John Douglass find among the money but one of the very bank notes that had been stolen from him the night before; one of a roll of five-pound notes that he himself had marked, as it happened, when he took them, so that he could not possibly be mistaken. He questions the landlord as to how he had come by this note, and the landlord tells him that his wife had taken it the day before—the very day of the robbery, remember! from Richard Mathews, of West Newington. That Richard had come to the inn, and called for something to eat; that he had given this note to be changed when he paid for his dinner, and had left the inn immediately afterwards, seemingly in a great hurry. The landlady had noticed the mark on the note when she took it, and had shown it to her husband; and the landlord had seen her take the note from Dick, and had himself handed him his change. John Douglass—as you remember—says nothing to the people of the inn; but comes back to your father, and shows him the note, with the mark by which he knew it. Your father goes over to L———, questions the people at the inn, and is perfectly convinced that the note was really given to them by Dick. So the Uplands is mortgaged, the money raised, and poor Douglass repaid; but, in spite of all precautions, the story leaks out, nobody knows how—though I confess I always suspected that sly-faced rascal, Jack Hill, of having let his tongue wag rather more freely than he should have done, for I don't see who else could have set the thing a going—and John Douglass is much blamed for not having set the police to take up the business, and for not advertising the notes. But he lets them talk; and as no one talks back again, the gossip gradually dies away of itself. Well, a few days after all this, comes the Squire's friend, Captain Melrose, on a visit to the Park; and he tells the Squire of a desperate fight that has just taken place between the Coast guard and smugglers, at Loomies' Cove, (and which turns out to have happened on the very night after Dick's disappearance,) and how he himself—being in the neighborhood, and knowing what was going on—went down to the Cove with the guards, just for the fun of the thing; and how sorry he had been to see a fine young fellow like Richard Mathews—come of good honest stock, and so well brought up—disgracing himself by joining with the smugglers. And when the Squire—greatly astonished—asks him 'what does he mean?' Captain Melrose tells him that he distinctly saw Dick among the smugglers, but that having lost sight of him directly afterwards, he supposes he must have slipped away out of the fight."

"But you will allow, Harry, that Captain Melrose might have been mistaken. He says himself that he only saw the person whom he took to be Dick, by the light of the Guards' lanterns, and that only for a few minutes, in the midst of firing and confusion."

"That is true; but on the other hand, Captain Melrose was as little likely to imagine that Dick would be in such a scene, that I should say nothing but the sight of Dick himself could have put such an idea into his head. And besides, Captain Melrose had seen him so often when visiting at the Park, that I cannot think he could have been mistaken. And this is the last we hear of poor Dick for nearly seven years, until some stranger—who is evidently a sailor, and probably one of the gang with whom poor Dick seems to have mixed himself up—comes to the Pig and Whistle, and leaves this bundle for Jack Hill; though why it should be sent to him, rather than to Farmer Mathews, or you, or me, or anybody else among his friends, I certainly can't understand."

"There's no understanding anything about it," says Bessy, despondently.

"Perhaps not, from the point of view from which you look at it, darling," returns Harry, "but, unfortunately, the thing seems plain enough to me; that is, as far as regards the principal facts of the case. How Dick can have changed so strangely and so fearfully—I shouldn't think anything of the more running away, if that had been all, for many a good honest lad has done as much at his age, and been none the worse for it—is indeed quite another thing; and one which I cannot pretend to understand any more than you do. I certainly need not tell you, my dearest Bessy, that I would rather all this evidence were explained away, and poor Dick, with his good name, were safe and sound among us again, than see the Uplands added to the Haugh if it were fifty times its value. But I can't go on hoping, as you do, in the face of facts like these."

"I don't ask you to hope, Harry," returns Bessy, very sadly, but quite unmoved by the array of argument against her, "as I said just now, I cannot explain these things; and I see how strongly they tell against him. But nevertheless—and though I know you must think me childish and unreasonable in clinging thus to my faith in Dick—I must tell you, solemnly, that I cannot consent to take the Uplands. And therefore," she continues, gently, but resolutely disengaging herself from Harry's arm, "I wished to say to you that I do not think I ought to be your wife."

"Oh! that is it, is it?" cried Harry, laughing merrily, and seizing Bessy's hands as he speaks, "and that is why you have been so shy and so cold this evening, when I am so happy that I could dance a hornpipe, all by myself in the middle of the hay! But do you think then," he continues, his voice falling to an earnest whisper, "that I care a straw for the Uplands in comparison with you, Bessy? Do you think when I have loved you all my life, and you only, that I could change now whether you have the Uplands, or whether you have not?"

"No, Harry, I could not do you so great an injustice as to think so. But you must remember your father. He has only given his consent on learning that my father has left the Uplands to me; and he might perhaps withdraw that consent if he knew of my determination not to look upon it as mine until I am convinced that my poor brother no longer lives."

"That is true," replies Harry, reluctantly, and with a slight touch of bitterness. "My father—so kind and just and reasonable as he is about everything else—seems really to be bewitched by those unlucky meadows. I declare I am getting to hate the very name of them!" he continues with increasing asperity. "But tell me what you wish, Bessy?" he adds, more gently, "only let me know your will in the matter, and I will obey you to the letter. Shall I speak to your father about it?"

"No; I don't think that would do any good. The new will is made now; and you know how difficult it is to persuade him to change his mind when he has once made it up. I have said as much as I can to him, but it has had no effect. It has never been easy to speak to him about poor Dick; and now he has positively forbidden me ever to mention his name to him again. Aunt Mary dares not say anything about it to him; for whenever she has tried to soften his feelings towards poor Dick, he has only seemed to grow more bitter against him with every word she said; so that now she thinks it best to avoid the subject altogether."

"Well, if I must not speak to your father, what must I do? It would be quite useless to speak to mine; not that I think it would be difficult to bring him round to our side—in spite of his fancy for the meadows—now that he has once given us his consent; but because his persuasions would have no more effect on your father than ours. But I'll tell you, darling, what we will do. We will say nothing about this terrible will, since it is clear that we shall not be able to get it changed."

"But would that be honest?" asks Bessy, anxiously.

"Honesty be hanged!" cries Harry, impatiently.

"Oh! Harry, for shame!" exclaimed Bessy, shaking her head, and a little shocked at this energetic utterance of so improper a sentiment, "but you don't really mean to say such a thing?"

"Indeed, but I do, though! Honesty or anything else that would thrust its troublesome phiz between me and my Bessy! But I won't vex you, darling, by saying another foolish word. Seriously, then, I do believe that my father has done injustice to his own excellent heart by all this nonsense and talk about money, and the Three Meadows and the Uplands, and all the rest of it. He loves you dearly, Bessy; I know that he does, and that he will be delighted to have you for a daughter. And if only this stuff about the meadows had not got into his head, he would have been just as much pleased to see you my wife without a farthing, as he is now. I know my father, and I am very sure that he would not for a moment wish you to inherit the Uplands if another had a better right to it. And when once we are married, dearest, he will love you far too well to care whether you brought more or less in this dear little hand of yours. And I must say that now, when all is settled so nicely between our two fathers, I would rather leave things as they are. Tell me that you give up your scruples about the will, and that you really will be my own little wife at last, and I promise you, truly and solemnly, that if poor Dick should ever come back again, innocent or penitent, he shall have the Uplands in spite of the will, and we will have only the dear old Haugh. Will that do, darling?" asks Harry, in a gayer tone, drawing Bessy gently towards him.

"Thank you, dear Harry; that is noble and good, and spoken like yourself. And yet," says Bessy, wistfully, "I am sorry that your little wife is no richer! Oh, those meadows those meadows! I should so like to give you those meadows, Harry!"

"Listen to me, my own Bessy," returns Harry, in a tone so grave and tender that she looks up wonderingly into his face, "listen to me this once, and then let this matter never be spoken of again between us. I am perfectly contented with my lot, such as it is, if you only consent to share it with me; and I would not exchange my little wife for all the money-bags that ever were stitched, nor for all the meadows between this and the Land's End! I should not love you a whit better if you were richer, Bessy; indeed, I don't believe I should ever have loved you half so well. Only show me that you trust me, that you believe I love you for yourself alone, and I shall be the proudest and the happiest fellow in the land!"

Bessy's reply to this speech—whatever it may be—is inaudible to us; perhaps it was so even to Harry; but as he, at all events, seems to be quite satisfied with it, we certainly have no reason to complain.

The lovers now wander on for a little while in silence; in the full spring-tide of confiding affection, and the almost oppressive consciousness of all that they are and shall be to each other, too happy for words.

But Harry soon recurs to the subject so dear to Bessy's sisterly soul. Her unwavering faith in her brother's innocence, her belief that he will yet return, unreasonable as they appear to his judgment, have nevertheless acted upon his feelings; and, in listening to her, he has unconsciously imbibed something of her own hope. Besides, he has just voluntarily divested himself of a very substantial claim in favor of this absent brother; and in his thought the wanderer has already become to him something less of a shadowy remembrance, something more of a substantial reality, in consequence.

"Have you any suspicion, even the faintest, as to who the writer of that letter could be? or who could have taken the money?" he asks, after a short pause.

"Really, Harry, I hardly like to tell you what I think," she replies; "for it seems so hard to suspect a person of crimes so base when one has no proof to bring forward. But I have always thought," she continues, sinking her voice to a whisper, and looking round involuntarily, as though to assure herself that they were quite alone, "wrongly, perhaps, but still I can no more shake off the feeling than I can believe Dick to be the guilty party, that Jack Hill is somehow or other at the bottom of it all."

"I confess I never liked the fellow," returns Harry, somewhat startled by the suggestion, "and I can believe him capable of a good deal of mischief; still, I never suspected him of anything so bad as this. But tell me everything you have in your mind about it, Bessy; for there must be something or other which has put this idea into your head. You cannot have taken up such an opinion from mere dislike. By Jove! if Jack Hill be indeed the traitor you imagine, I will leave no stone unturned until I have ferreted out his wickedness."

"I have not much to tell you," replies Bessy, "but you have now a right to know all—but pray be quiet, Harry, or indeed I cannot go on!—and it is certainly best that you should know what makes me suspect him. In the first place, then, ever since he came to us, he has always tried, in his cunning, hypocritical way—for I am sure he is a hypocrite!—not only to wheedle and impose upon my father, but to make things worse between him and Dick. And yet he always pretended such an affection for Dick, such devotion to him, that poor Dick——who is the most unsuspecting, trustful creature in the world—never could believe him to be deceitful. And whenever Dick had had any little altercation with my father, he would go off and have a long talk with him directly afterwards; and I know, from little things Dick has let fall about these talks, that Jack Hill has always encouraged him in the idea of going to sea, and used to tell him that my father would come round in time, while, on the other hand, I know that he lost no opportunity of strengthening my father in his opposition to Dick's wishes."

"All this is likely enough," remarks Harry; "but does not explain about the money."

"True, but might it not have been Jack Hill who took it? He knew every corner, every lock and bolt and bar, as well as Dick, or even better; for ever since he has been at the farm, he has managed and ransacked every thing about the place. My father himself is hardly so much at home in the house as Jack Hill; for he lets him take his own way in every thing, and really believes that he is thoroughly devoted to his interests, and that nothing could be done without him. So Jack Hill looks after everything, manages everything, and has his hand in everything that goes on. But hark!" she continues, stopping suddenly to listen, "I thought I heard something behind that hedge."

Harry quickly approaches the point indicated by Bessy's finger, and looks over the

hedge; but he can see nothing, and comes back, laughing at Bessy's fears.

"It is very strange," says Bessy, "I really thought I heard something moving. What could it have been?"

"Your own fancy, most likely," suggests Harry, somewhat irreverently, "or perhaps the wind. But have you anything positive against Jack Hill, any proof?" he asks, as they resume their walk.

"Only this, that I think, indeed, I am sure, for I have considered these things a good deal of late, though formerly I never gave them a thought, that the farm is very badly managed, and brings in a very small return for what is laid out upon it. And I am convinced that either Jack Hill does not know what he is about, or else that he is imposing upon my father, and appropriating to himself a good deal that my father believes is laid out upon the land."

"Why, who would have thought that my Bessy's little head had such a turn for business," cries Harry, greatly amused at the sober way in which she has propounded her suspicions; "what a capital farmer's wife you will make, darling! I shall never buy a new plough or put in a bushel of seed, or send a sheep to market, without taking your advice beforehand, I assure you."

"Now, Harry, don't make fun of me," says Bessy, beseechingly, "or indeed I can't go on!"

"Make fun of you, darling? Why, I was never more serious in my life!" returns Harry, still laughing, "you'll be a treasure, Bessy, a downright treasure! And now go on."

"But, indeed, I hardly know how to tell you the rest," says Bessy, stopping short, in evident embarrassment, "it is so very absurd and disagreeable. But you must promise me not to be angry, Harry."

"Angry! why on earth should I be angry, darling?" says Harry, somewhat perplexed at this proviso. "You don't mean to tell me," he suddenly exclaims, in a tone in which amazement, contempt, and anger are pretty equally blended, as a glimpse of the cause of Bessy's hesitation flashes through his mind, "you don't mean to tell me, that that scoundrel has dared to raise his insolent eyes to his master's daughter, to my Bessy? Why, I'll break every bone in his miserable body!"

"You'll do no such thing, Harry," returns Bessy, in her soft, pleading way, laying her hand upon his arm, "you will not demean either yourself or me, by any violence towards one who is so base and so contemptible. He is not likely to offend me again, when he learns how things stand between us, Harry; and, besides, any violence on your part, would awaken his suspicions, and would most likely drive him away, just when we ought to be watching him in order, if possible, to bring his wickedness home to him. We must not make matters worse, by stooping to any petty revenge. Promise me this, dear Harry."

"I suppose you are right, darling; and the wise little head must have its own way," returns Harry, rather more gently. "But it does make my very blood boil," he continues, clenching his fist with a sudden relapse into anger, "to think of the miscreant's audacity! And what have I been about all this time, to have not seen into the fellow's game?"

"There has been nothing that you could have seen," replies Bessy. "I have sometimes, it is true, been vexed with myself for fancying, from little things, that he might have taken some folly of the kind into his head; but it is only since this letter came, that he has had the insolence to speak so plainly as to oblige me to show him the contempt and aversion which I feel for him."

"And you have suffered all this annoyance, without letting me know of it!" says Harry, reproachfully.

"Had I told you, it would only have vexed you to no purpose. You could have done nothing while we were separated."

"Those unlucky Meadows! I wish they had been sunk to the bottom of the sea, before we were born, Bessy! But why did you never tell your father of all this?"

"Had I done so, either Jack Hill would have made my father believe it was a mistake on my part, or else my father would have been so angry with him that he would have turned him out of the house; and then what chance would there have been of finding out the truth about poor Dick? Besides, as I have told you, it is only within the last few days that I have had anything definite to complain of; and I did not then speak to my father, as I might have done, because I hoped—or, at least, I thought," says Bessy, pausing, with a half-bashful little smile—

"That there was some one else who might consider it his business to look after the rascal? Thank you, darling; you shall find that he will not disappoint you. But I am very glad to know all this at last," continues Harry, "though sorry enough to think how much time has been lost. It is clear, at anyrate, that Jack Hill is playing a double game, and must be closely watched; and if, as you think, he has been at the bottom of all the trouble about poor Dick—and really I almost begin to think he may have been—depend upon it we shall find some clue to the business before very long."

"Dear Harry, you don't know how happy it makes me to hear you say so!" says Bessy, greatly consoled by this assurance. "With your help, things are sure to come right by-and-by. But it must be past supper-time, and they will all be waiting for us. Let us go back directly," she continues, perceiving that the last traces of sunset have faded from the sky, and that the dusk of evening is rapidly deepening into the soft grayness of a midsummer night.

Lightly and joyously—despite the sisterly sorrow that is never quite out of Bessy's thoughts—they retrace their steps through the dim meadows and shadowy lanes that lie between them and the Uplands; only the white dog-roses and hemlock blossoms in the hedges rows, and the great moon-daisies along the sides of the road—which have not yet shut themselves up for the night—showing through the rich, warm gloom.

Presently they quit the field, and pass into the road—overhung by a high bushy hedge—that skirts both the copse beside the Uplands, and the broad meadow that surrounds the garden.

"Listen, Harry!" again exclaims Bessy, in a hurried whisper, and pausing abruptly under the hedge, "I thought I heard steps on the other side of this bank."

But Harry can hear nothing.

They quicken their pace, and hasten forwards past the hedge, until they reach the short bit of road—shadowed by a double row of great whispering elms, beloved of the rooks—that leads up to the house.

At the entrance of this avenue, is a stile which gives access to the meadow, but though they reconnoitre the fields in every direction—in the hope of discovering the interloper if such there be—nothing moving is to be seen.

"You will think me very childish," whispers Bessy; "but I really thought we should have seen Jack Hill."

"It would not have been the pleasantest meeting in the world, for him, if we had!" returns Harry, as they move on towards the house.

A few moments more, and they pass through the low garden-wicket, and along the flower-bordered path that leads through the little lawn to the house; a bright light from the candles within—as they near the half-open door—falling on the roses and the glistening laurels outside.

But having as yet had no opportunity of making acquaintance with the Uplands, we will leave the young people to themselves for a few minutes; and begin a new chapter with a glance at our whereabouts, before accompanying them into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SEA.

It rolls—it coils—it foams—it flashes,
Pale and putrid—ghastly green;
Lit with light of dead men's ashes
Flickering through the black weed's screen.
Oh! there along the breathless land,
Elaira keeps her couch allotted;
The waters wave her weary hand,
And toss pale shells and ropy sand
About her dark hair clasped and clotted.

☞ A famous old doctor died saying "there was no use in physic." A "contemptuary," as Mrs. Partington might say, said that though there was not much profit in taking physic, the doctor had left half a million proofs in favor of giving it.

☞ The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked.—*Bishop Horne.*

☞ The best time for marriage will be towards thirty; for as the younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, who, being left to strangers, are in effect lost: and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred: for thereby thy posterity shall either perish, or remain a shame to thy name and family.—*Sir Walter Raleigh to his Son.*

☞ Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

☞ Sailors are often shipped without knowing where they are going, or anything about it. A black cook having been shipped in this way, he ventured to ask to what part of the world they proposed taking him. "Oh, hold yer tongue," said the shipping agent, another gentleman of color; "yer too inquisitive, altogeder; you'll be trying to find out what dor cap'n's name is next."

"'Ere long,' I thought,
'*Great Death will hallow all these flippant lips,*
And make each poor face awful. Truest tears
Will not seem wasted when they fall on them.
Oh, Father what is Death? We sport at eve,
A playmate's lips grow pale, the game stands still,
He goes away in silence.'" —*Alex. Smith.*

☞ There is no saying shocks me so much, as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem, in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—*Cowley.*

☞ A man should guard, in his youth, against sensuality; in his manhood, against faction; and in his old age, against covetousness.—*Chinese Maxim.*

☞ A gentleman being rather hotly pressed to sing a song, pettishly observed that they wished to make a butt of him. "By no means, my good fellow," rejoined one of his tormentors, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

☞ It was a maxim of Gen Jackson, "Take time to deliberate; but when the hour for action arrives, stop thinking."

"Time unto me hath been the dearest friend;
For time is like the peacefulness of grass,
Which clothes, *as if with silence and deep sleep,*
Deserted plains that once were loud with strife;
Which hides the marks of earthquake and of fire;
Which makes the rigid plain and clay-cold grave
Smooth as a billow, tender with green light."
—*Alex. Smith.*

☞ Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.—*Shaftesbury.*

☞ I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*

☞ A simple girl endeavors to commend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and a mawkish sentiment which is as shallow as her mind.

☞ REMARK BY A DISGUSTING OLD BACHELOR.—There is one art which the use of these unmanageable crinolines is likely to teach women, and that is—petticoat government.

☞ The way in which taxes used to be imposed in Congo is somewhat different from that practised here, where men with ink horns at their button holes and justice in their hearts go round for weeks levying an equal per centage. The king used to go abroad when it was very windy with his hat hung upon one ear, and when it was blown off he put a tax upon the part of the kingdom that the wind blew from!

☞ The elder Napoleon is reported to have referred, more than once, when his perpetual wars were spoken of, to the fable of the man who undertook to convey a number of rats in a bag for a certain distance, without their biting their way through. He kept shaking the bag all the time, and the rats never had a chance of getting out. He treated the fiery spirits of France just as the peasant treated the rats in the bag—he kept them in constant agitation, expending them in battle and victory, with their minds ever directed to two things—the glory of France and the advancement of themselves. Not one Marshal of France but rose from the ranks.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," ANNA BLACKWELL, &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

THE HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

The following will be published in due season:—

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

TOLERATION.

An "old and respectful subscriber," as he signs himself, in Davidson county, North Carolina, takes us very severely, and, as we think, *not* very "respectfully," to task, for certain articles that appeared in THE POST some time since, relative to the Sepoy Rebellion in the East Indies. He says, in the course of his remarks:

As to the Sepoys, I am not ashamed to say they have proved themselves to be the most treacherous and inhuman set of beings that ever existed on the face of the earth, and whoever sympathizes with them is no better than themselves.

We are assured that the writer of the articles of which our correspondent complains, had no design of sympathizing with the Sepoys in the infamous actions referred to. His principal object was to show that the course of the English in India had not been distinguished by an entire absence of similar atrocities—and that this is no matter of dispute, our correspondent himself acknowledges. For that matter, in no place can the truth be found more plainly told in reference to the misgovernment and cruelty of the East India Company, than in the pages of the leading English periodicals themselves.

The writer of the articles in question, however, did undoubtedly go further, and sympathize with the natives of India in their efforts to throw off the British sway. How far he was right in doing this, is a matter of opinion.—Much may be said on both sides; and after hearing both sides, perhaps every reader can come to a wiser conclusion than before.

For his own part—will our correspondent please listen—the editor of this paper decidedly sympathizes with the English. He believes that no people capable of such acts as have been recently practised by the revolted Sepoys, are capable of any kind of "self-government" worthy the name. He believes that those who fully prove themselves incompetent to master their own fiendish passions, manifest at the same time their need of a master. What ever the rule of Britain in the East may have been in the time of Warren Hastings, we have not a particle of doubt that her rule now is vastly more beneficial to India herself, than would be the sway of such wretches as Nena Sahib. Such is our deliberate opinion—such it has been from the very first.

But the editor of this paper is not exempt from the common frailties and weaknesses of humanity. He cannot work day and night, without relaxation, ten years on the stretch. Therefore he takes the liberty occasionally of calling in the aid of others, to add to the interest of his columns. If health or business takes him to Missouri or Minnesota, he must leave his paper in the care of some one—and if that some one be a gentleman of intellect and culture, he probably will have views upon the questions that incidentally arise, not always precisely similar to those of the editor. Towards such a man, if you would get the best work that is in him, you must exercise a little toleration when his views differ from your own. The same toleration which the editor hopes the readers of THE POST are willing to exercise towards himself, for the same reason. Just let every reader of a paper insist upon having the views of the editor upon every subject the same as his own—and the poor editor, unable to please all, will finally take refuge—as many have done already—in the veriest commonplaces. Does not every sensible man see at a glance, that a want of toleration is a death-blow to all original, and even merely vigorous and suggestive thought?

For our own part, we have such confidence in the TRUTH, that we do not think a few editorial articles, one way or the other, of a great deal of importance. Suppose an Assistant Editor, or a contributor, does demolish the English in India in a series of vigorous essays, what difference will it make? Is God's truth to be shoved from its pedestal, because an able writer has false notions in his head? For that matter, some other equally able writer always stands ready to give a counterbalancing shove, from the opposite side of the pedestal, and thus we are made doubly sure.

But really, good readers of the POST and all other papers, do learn to exercise a little toleration for other men's even false opinions. Never can you be really sure that your own views are correct, until you have heard what can be said from the opposite point of view. And as to your favorite newspaper's editorials, when you do not agree with them, believe that the editor is a-noddin', or that he has had an attack of dyspepsia, or that peradventure he is on a journey, or that he is lying ill at home of a brain-fever, or has an ossification of the heart, caused by the unfeeling conduct of some thoughtless subscriber. Believe any or all of these things, and by so doing exercise a little of that Charity which, the good book tells us, "covers a multitude of sins."

THE LADIES.

It has been recently denied with some warmth, that the expense of the ladies' dresses and general ornamentation, has had much to do with our present financial difficulties. Now while we freely admit that it does not become the gentlemen, in view of their own extravagancies, and their encouragement of the feminine doings in question, to "cast the first stone"—still, as sober chroniclers, and for the edification of the ladies themselves, we are compelled to endorse the charges referred to as a true bill.

Just look, dear ladies,—very respectfully, we urge you—at the figures. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1856, we imported silk piece goods to the amount of $25,000,000, other silk goods to the value of $6 017,115, laces $1 601,610, embroideries $4,664 353, making altogether over *thirty seven millions of dollars*, of which sum we suppose at least $30,000,000 was for the ladies.

Now, if the ladies really had tried—*and fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers been content*—how large a proportion of that yearly balance of thirty millions, could have been saved. Really, we suppose that some ten millions would have dressed the ladies just as comfortably, and, to our notions, as prettily. We, however, confess to being the veriest heathen in the matter of dress, and recently drove a young lady almost into a refusal to accompany us to a party, because we insisted that a certain pretty cheap calico was really prettier than her much more expensive silk.

We do not blame the ladies particularly. The fault is, as Mrs. Merdle would say, that of society. Society demands it. Society, in this country even more than in England perhaps, will have it so. Perhaps one reason is, that our "first society" in this country, is composed to such an extent of gentlemen who have made money in the drygoods line—and who have a *professional* disgust (if we may use the word,) to anything so cheap as calico. Now probably many an English lord would really think a cheap dress, where taste was displayed, just as pretty and becoming as an expensive one—not knowing at a glance the difference in their market values, as the gentlemen of our "first society" generally do, even if they do not proclaim at once the exact cost of a dress to the lady herself, as opening a conversation upon a subject which they are peculiarly fitted to illuminate.

No, we do not blame the ladies. They, Heaven bless them, strive to please the "stronger-minded" sex. And therefore we would respectfully implore those latter, especially those in the drygoods line—not to systematically depreciate the beauty of every dress and ornament that is cheap. The best things are cheap, as to money value. Rosy cheeks are just as pretty, even when very common. And a pretty calico, especially to the man whose purse is light, around the form of the woman he loves, is none the less pretty because everybody else can have one just as costly. For that matter, the silks themselves are no peculiar distinction—for even the domestics nowadays, often outdress their mistresses, and show an even more sovereign contempt for economy and calico. That all may amend their ways, is the hope, we trust, of every sensible man and woman.

A WORTHY MOVEMENT.—We are pleased to see that associations have been formed in this city, with the object of supplying the Western States with domestics, nurses, seamstresses, &c. Western gentlemen present at the meetings called relative to this matter, gave most satisfactory information as to the want of good female help in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, &c. And if our Western friends who need help will now organize in turn in their respective towns, or make their wants known individually, they may be greatly benefitted, and many women saved from much suffering during the coming winter.

We will try to keep our Western readers posted as to the progress of this movement—and, as soon as the proper agencies are established, advise them of the names and address of the agents of these associations.

☞ The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement in our business columns, of the Genesee Farmer, Rochester, N. Y.

THE MORMONS.

The accounts from Utah—or as the "saints" now insist on its being called, "*Deseret*"—are "chock-full of fight." The Mormons say that they will defend their city to the last, and, if beaten, burn and destroy everything, and retreat to the mountains. They further aver that they have provisions on hand for three years. President Kimball has prophesied, in "open meetin'," as follows:

We never shall leave these valleys—till we get ready; no, never—no, never. We will live here till we go back to Jackson County, Missouri. I prophesy that in the name of Israel's God.

[The congregation shouted "Amen," and President B. Young said, "It is true."]

If our enemies force us to destroy our orchards and our property, to destroy and lay waste our houses, fields, and everything else, we shall never build and plant again till we do it in Jackson County. But our enemies are not here yet, and we have not yet thrown down our houses.

Kimball also spoke as follows:

Now, I will tell you I have about a hundred shots on hand all the time; three or four fifteen shooters and three or four revolvers right in the room where I sleep, and the devil does not like to sleep there, for he is afraid they will go off half-cocked.

If you lay a bowie knife or a loaded revolver under your pillow every night, you will not have many unpleasant dreams, nor be troubled with the nightmare, for there is nothing that the devil is so much afraid of as a weapon of death.

You may take this as some of Heber's wild visions, if you please. I have acknowledged myself as one of the people, and now I say we will take our own name, and we will not be false named any more. We are the kingdom of God, and we are the *State of Deseret*, and we will have you, Bro. Brigham, as our Governor, just so long as you live. We will not have any other Governor.

I mean just what I say, and the people say they will not have any other Governor, and especially any one that has come here under arms, for we consider that any man is a poor damned curse that has to come here under arms to rule over us. These are my feelings, and if anybody votes against it, they are not of us; but there are but four or five but what vote for us, and they are apostates, and will go overboard. There is not a child but what goes with us in these things.

When we reject Bro. Brigham Young, we reject the head, but we do not do it, for the body shall dwell together, and we are members of that body, and he shall be our Governor, just as long as God Almighty will have him to be. Those who are in favor of it, raise your right hands. [The vote was unanimous.]

You may try it just as long as you like, and it will be just so every time, except those four or five; and they will never vote. Can I point them out? Yes, I can. I have had my eye on them ever since they came into the congregation.

It will be noticed by the threat relative to Jackson County, Missouri, that some of these fanatics really cherish the delusion of ultimate success, in case of a war with the United States.

That they may give the government some difficulty is probable, especially if they succeed in enlisting in their service the adjoining tribes of Indians. But that they will be able to make headway for more than one season against the United States, we are not quite prepared to believe. An abandonment of Salt Lake City by them, and a fleeing to the mountains, would, we think, be equivalent to a destruction of their community. The government would have nothing to do but to surround them with a chain of posts, and prevent any accession to their numbers, to make them politically impotent. It is a pity that proper measures were not taken years ago to remove this cancer, when it was comparatively small and powerless. But the longer it is allowed to grow, the more difficult probably will be its eradication. Let Brigham Young take our advice, and purchase the sovereignty of some island in the Pacific Ocean, whereon to rear his nineteenth-century Sodom. No government then will disturb him or his, so long as he refrains from disturbing others. Our complaint against him is, that he has erected his loathsome habitation on our ground.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTIVENESS.—We find going the rounds of our exchanges an item stating the opinion of John T. Gilman, editor of the Bath Organ, Maine, that more corn, wheat, beans, peas, buckwheat, barley, potatoes, etc., are raised to the acre in the Atlantic States than in the West. He has travelled extensively in both regions, and this is the result of his observations, and he adds that the superior productiveness here requires more labor, but more attention is paid to fertilizing. We are surprised to find this quoted as a new idea, for it is a well-known fact, though the exaggerated representations of the Western press may have caused some delusion to prevail on the subject. The older an agricultural settlement is, the greater will be its productiveness. Thus with all their marvellous natural fertility, the new lands of the West cannot rival our well tilled farms in the yield per acre. The Western farmer is too apt to depend upon nature and the rich soil, whereas the Eastern man knows exactly the capacity of his land and what he must do to increase it.—*North American.*

What do our Western readers—especially those who have farmed both in the East and the West—say to the above? For our own part, while inclined to the belief that the difference between the productiveness of unmanured Western land, and manured Eastern land, is not so great as many suppose, still we had not thought it to be even a question, that the former had the advantage in the comparison by at least 25 per cent. Thus where average Eastern lands may produce twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, we have thought that Western might produce from twenty-five to thirty. Fifty bushels of corn to the acre, is certainly considered a pretty good crop for the East; probably as good as seventy to eighty is for the West. And so on.

Some of our readers may have the census reports on hand, which will afford a pretty reliable solution of this question. Certainly, if both the *Bath Organ* and the *North American* are not mistaken, numbers of their contemporaries are.

THE MOCK PHILANTHROPIST.—He giveth crusts to babies.—*Confucius.*

Confucius, it is evident, did not know much about babies. Crust is just what careful mothers do give babies—the softer part of the bread being liable to choke them, by their getting too much at a time. Probably Confucius, like some other great philosophers, had no children. This mistake of the Chinese sage, shows the importance of matrimony as a means of wisdom, even to the greatest minds.

THE TIMES.—The "times" financially are evidently rather better. The stock market again seems to be gradually creeping upward. Gold and silver are flowing into the country from various quarters. The banks are accumulating specie every week—and evidently looking forward to a resumption in April. Those who are so fortunate as to have money to invest now-a-days, would do well to remember the rule of action of a celebrated millionaire—"Always to buy when everybody else was selling, and to sell when everybody else was buying."

New Publications.

CITY POEMS, by ALEXANDER SMITH, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) may not "win the applause of the groundlings," but neither will it "make the judicious grieve." The poet's gaudy sunrise is already softening into his bright, blue day. A milder and steadier splendor succeeds the former flare of imagery. The poems are more thoughtful and less ornamented, and there is more judiciousness of metaphor. A sharpness of observation and felicity of expression, only rarely met with in the previous volume, are continually noticeable here. There is still a lack of dramatic constructiveness, and the poems are yet uncharged with a central philosophy. But the advance is considerable, and the author's seat among the true poets seems secure.

QUITS, by THE BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is the quaint title of a novel which all the readers of "The Initials" and "Cyrilla" by the same author, will want to read.

A MANUAL OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, By JOHN JOHNSTON, L.L. D., (C. Desilver, Phila.,) is a text-book for the use of schools.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is uniform with the fine edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott, of which we have before spoken.

DICKENS'S SKETCHES AND STORIES, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) complete this often mentioned issue of the works of the great novelist.

OWNED AND DISOWNED; OR, THE CHATTLE CHILD, By VAN BUREN DENSLOW, (H. Dayton, New York, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) purports to be a tale of Southern life.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER (Jas. B. Smith, Phila.,) is a volume of tales by Alice Cary, Mrs. Denison, and others.

MEADOW BROOK, By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, Miller, Orton & Co., New York, H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

THE LADIES' WORK TABLE BOOK, (T. B Peterson, Phila.,) treats minutely of all kinds of needlework.

WHITE LIES, A NOVEL, by CHARLES READE, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is in its third part. It has all the characteristics of the other works of this brilliant and eccentric author. "Propria Quæ Maribus," and "The Box Tunnel," two of his earlier stories, are also published in cheap form.

KIANA: A TRADITION OF HAWAII, by JAS. J. JARVES, (Jas. Munroe & Co., Hazard & Brothers, Philadelphia,) is a romance of life in the Sandwich Islands.

TO CURE FELONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed in your paper of October 3rd, a Receipt for the Cure of a Felon, which recommends the use of a pint of soft-soap, thickened with air-slacked lime, put into a leather thimble, for inserting the finger. I would suggest a teaspoonfull of soft-soap and lime, either slacked or unslacked; or instead of lime use potash, which is better. Application—pare the skin very thin over the supposed felon, put the mixture into a common metal thimble, or leather, or if neither is to be had, use a cloth, and apply the mixture immediately over the felon; the mixture will cause much pain, and at night it may be removed, and a large fold of cloth may be used instead; the hand should be dipped into cold water as often as the pain of the felon awakens the sleeper; proceeding in this way, the patient may be able to have his usual amount of sleep. The thimble must be filled with the compound, and then bound to the hand with its mouth over the felon, and left there for a half hour to four hours, according to the depth and age of the felon; the caustic changes the sore from the bone to the surface; by inserting the finger into the mixture, the alkali will eat off the entire skin and nail of the finger, before curing the felon.

Hudson, N. Y.

"True flowers, you know;
Not those pale moonlight things that grow so thick
In gardens of your dreams; which might be given
By ghost to ghost, in some serene farewell,
For a love-token and remembrancer
To look on in the shades. True flowers I want
To blush in mortal hair" —*Alex Smith.*

☞ Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

☞ How often do men mistake the love of their own opinions for the love of truth!

☞ Minds of moderate calibre, ordinarily condemn every thing which is beyond their range.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

☞ ADVICE FOR THE TIMES.—Wind up your conduct like a watch, every day, examining minutely whether you are fast or slow.

☞ "Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charlie." "What is 'honorably,' mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be honorable."

We are not mocked; it was not in derision
God made our spirits free;
Our brightest hopes are but the dim pre-vision
Of blessings that shall be —*Sears.*

☞ THE DIRECTION OF GRAVITY.—Monuments exist which show that the direction of gravity at some former period was different from what it is at present. The deviation of the plumb-line from its normal position appears to depend on the season of the year, and to geological phenomena.

☞ A WISE CAUTION.—Never talk of your schemes till they are accomplished—for, if they fail, you may suffer the double mortification of disappointment and ridicule.

LIVING WITHIN ONE'S MEANS.

That illustrious Australian character, as we may now consider him, Mr. Micawber, gave upon one occasion to David Copperfield—according to that faithful chronicler, Charles Dickens—the following even more profound than usual and eternally to be cherished advice:—

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—nineteen, nineteen six; result—happiness. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—twenty pounds ought and six; result—misery. The blossom is blighted; the leaf is withered; the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are forever floored."

In the above sentence, Mr. Micawber condensed the lesson of his somewhat remarkable and eventful and *occasionally* straitened career. Let all of our readers—especially the young ones among them—sit patiently at Micawber's feet, and drink in the wisdom of the sage.

And let them be particular, when planning to live within their means, how they take the first step. In beginning life it is especially true, that "it is the first step that *costs*." Given a house adapted to an income of $1,500 a year, how to live within $1,000?—that is a problem not often worked out. The opposite problem, given a house adapted to an income of $1,000, how to spend $1,500—is a problem worked out rather more easily and somewhat more frequently.

A recent sketch in *Chambers's Journal* illustrates this matter of the first step into expenses, very amusingly. The Londoners often propose to visit Paris in a "cheap" way—how they sometimes succeed, is told in the following narrative of

MR SPOONER'S EXPERIENCES.

"Well, sir, I started the morning after I saw you, and got down to Bologne very jolly by the middle of the day."

"I had thought the 'cheap train' went by the Dieppe or Newhaven route."

"Well, yes. But you see when it came to the point, I thought, you know, that what with the time it would take on the journey, and the additional eating and drinking—we must consider all these things—I shouldn't save much; so I sold my ticket to Tom Wye or Wake for a pound, and concluded to go down comfortable."

"I see. First class—express."

"Yes. I wanted, besides, to see Amiens Cathedral, which I should have missed by the other routes."

Mr. Spooner, I feel bound to remark, had never before evinced, to my knowledge, the most remote interest in or desire to make himself acquainted with the mysteries of church architecture.

"Well," he continued, "I got down very well, and, mind you, it's much the pleasantest way of doing the thing, put up at the Hotel des Bains, and had a stunning fricandeau and a bottle of Burgundy. Better for a fellow to begin with Burgundy before he gets on to claret; and Beaune's a good half-way house between sherry and Chateau Lafitte."

I admired my friend's perspicacity; told him so, and he continued,

"Well, sir, I started for Paris the next morning."

"Third class?"

"Why, no. I had fully intended now to have begun economizing; but the fact is, I travelled from London with some remarkably nice people, who were going to winter at Rome; and after passing one day with the family, I couldn't make up my mind to the society for the next of the courier and the lady's-maid. Besides, upon consideration, I thought it better not to fatigue myself. There's economy, you know, in a fellow fatiguing himself; and as they charge extra for luggage, I allow you precious little in the third class, that, you see, would have made a difference."

"To the family who were going to winter at Rome, I dare say; but you were only going to take a carpet-bag, weren't you?"

"Well, I was; but I thought, upon consideration, I had better go comfortable, and a fellow must have clothes wherever he is; so I got some new toggery, and a box or two of cigars—there's no standing those five sous weeds in Paris—so that what with one thing and another, had rather more luggage than I had intended."

"And Amiens Cathedral?"

"Oh! I was obliged to cut that, and got into Paris about six o'clock, after a remarkably pleasant day with the remarkably pleasant fellow. *Pater familias* very civil, and said they would be happy to renew the acquaintance. Common nice connection, mind you, and worth the difference between first and third class fare any day."

"Perhaps so, if the family had been going to winter in London instead of Rome. As it was, the investment was perhaps hardly so good. However, get on."

"When I got to Paris, I cut 'em, and determined then to begin doing the economical. By the way, there were no end of civil at Boulogne about the cigars. Depend upon it, if I had not been travelling like a gentleman, I should have had nobody knows what duty to pay for 'em at the custom house, and there would have been another expense. True economy, my dear fellow, must be discriminating."

I yielded my fullest concurrence to this proposition.

"Well, sir, I soon routed out a cheap hotel; and thus ended my second day."

Mr. Spooner now fell to his Bordeaux, the demerits of which he had apparently forgotten, and then continued:

"I was up pretty early the next morning, and paid my hotel bill."

"Cheap?"

"Well, to say the truth, it wasn't. I suspect, if you are vagabondising for only a night in an hotel, the best is the best; but one must not try out one's principles."

"With discrimination," I ventured to suggest.

"Quite so. With discrimination, of course. Well, the next day I devoted to lodging, hunting and a pretty turn I had of it, for I was resolved now to begin to economise, and secure the right thing cheap, you know. At length, I pitched upon it; and after nearly losing the thing I was kicking out for attendance included, found myself the proprietor of an apartment with a sloping roof, a cracked glass over the chimney-piece, a cracked marble table, a cracked marble washing-stand, a bed with a game leg, and a *chiffonnier* that wouldn't shut—for seven francs a week. Not bad that, I think."

"Economical enough, in all conscience. What then?"

"Why, then, I went off to the Palais Royal to get some dinner."

"I see; two francs fifty?"

"Well, I had intended; but it was rather late for Richard's, and having unluckily to pass the Trois Freres Provencaux—"

"You very naturally turned in there."

"Why, to confess the truth, I did, for having, you see, made such a cheap arrangement for my lodging, I thought I might indulge a little."

"Exactly; *bisque* and a cutlet *a la Provencale*."

"Well, something of the kind, I must admit."

"And a *plomberie*, perhaps, with a little dry *Sillery*."

"Well, I had a little ice-pudding and some champagne, certainly."

"To be sure. And then?"

"Nothing else, upon my honor, except a little Chambertin to top off with, and some black coffee and maraschino. Home to bed, and spoiled a new hat, by the way, against the ceiling going in."

"So much for the economy of a *mansarde* at seven francs a week; but the principle is the thing."

The further detail of Mr. Spooner's experiences, though interesting to me, might scarcely prove as entertaining to the world at large. Suffice it to say, that they all exhibited more or less the same disproportionate mixture of the mean and the magnificent; the same "cheap train" of idea, and profusion in practice, with which he seemed to have initiated them. His home for the day had cost him a *franc*; his dinner, ten! He had economized, by avoiding the Italian Opera, to spend twice the saving in bouquets and pistol shots at the Salle Valentino. He had expended as much in overproof brandy, which made him ill, to see nothing of life at a dingy wine-shop in the Rue Traversine, as would have given him a very fair glimpse of its reality at the Varieties! He had not been able to join three English friends at an excursion to Versailles, because he had treated as many Frenchmen, whom he knew and cared nothing about, to supper and rum-punch the night before at the Bal Bullier.

How Mr. Spooner wrote home for some more money on the Friday of his first week, fasting that day, and indeed the following, with a severity which would doubtless have infinitely gratified the ecclesiastical authorities of the district, it is painful to me to record; how, upon his "resumption of cash-payments," he revelled afterwards, I need not detail. Suffice it to say, that he arrived at London Bridge on the tenth day from that on which he had taken leave of it, with only a twenty *centime* piece in his pocket, and disturbed the parental home ungracefully at two o'clock in the morning for the payment of his cab.

"And what's the dreariest part of the whole thing, Fred.?" my friend concluded, "I don't think somehow, upon my honor, that I really enjoyed myself. I don't know how it was, but I suspect that I got wrong at the beginning, and was never able somehow to work round again. It's a bad plan, mark ye, for a fellow to alter his arrangements when he has once made them. I do believe—I give you my word—that if it hadn't been for the going down first class, in the first instance, I should have done the thing as I told you with the ten pounds, and jolly too!"

During the enjoyment of the solitary half hour which succeeded the conversation I have detailed, I endeavored to reduce Mr. Spooner's experiences to something like a principle, which resolved itself finally into this; that nothing in life is easier than a "cheap train" of ideas, but that its development into the desirable results which are its ultimate object, can only be secured by as much careful forethought and practical self-denial as are required for other things. Sure it seemed to me that the best designs for economy on the occasion of an autumn tour or any other, if not carried out practically *ab initio*, are scarcely likely to develope themselves subsequently, such operations of nature, like most others, bearing fruit of the seed originally sown "after its kind."

Mr. Spooner, though not wiser than his neighbors—and there was probably no reason why he should be so—was perhaps, after all, not much less wise than many of them. Half the world of us who do claim to see a little beyond our noses, are as prolific in "cheap trains" of idea born to die, as that honest but unsuccessful young philosopher. Edwin and Angelina, for instance, agreeing that it is not worth while to wait any longer—and quite right too—make their start in life with "cheap trains" illimitable of ideal economy; commencing with a wedding which, for luxury of detail, might serve as a prelude to £3,000 a-year instead of £300 and appliances for the adornment and glorification of "The Hermitage, Kensington Gravel Pits," which would not discredit the "splendid family mansion, adapted to a nobleman or gentleman," in Palace Gardens, to which they are not without hopes—for these are days of ambition—of some day attaining, and which they are inaugurating a system of life so ingeniously calculated to secure. Alas! the twelvemonth is not over before Angelina, with *modes* enough in her *trousseau* to furnish a shop, is sighing over the labors of a home-made *bassinet*; and Edwin, regardless of the delight of the Hermitage, is converting that bower of bliss into a pandemonium to himself and everybody else, because butcher's meat is ninepence a pound instead of sevenpence. With ten years more experience, we shall find the gentle pair developing the more matured views of the same system of domestic economy, by giving careful dinners, which you and I, who eat them, know they cannot afford, and saving to make up for them by the educational establishments of Monsieur Patois and Madame Paillon, Rue des Enfants Trouves, Boulogne-sur-Mer, where there are no extras, few holidays, and the living is as light as the terms, for Frank and Fanny. While further still, could we penetrate the mists of half a century, we might see them, though

Soon that year maun come
Will bring 'em to their last,

developing further fruits of the seed originally sown "after its kind," as full of project for the little time remaining for practice, as when they were "first acquent"—just beginning to suspect, perhaps, like Mr. Spooner, when the mischief is done, that they had "got wrong at the beginning, and were unable somehow to work round again;" surmising their want of wisdom; resolving and re-resolving to end as they commenced.

MARABOUT CONJURORS
OUT-CONJURED.

The Times correspondent at Paris gives the following lively description of M. Houdin's doings in Algeria:—"Every one has seen or heard speak of the great Robert Houdin. Besides being the prince of conjurors, he is an able mathematician and mechanician, and his electric clock, made for the Hotel de Ville of his native town of Blois, obtained a medal at the Paris Exhibition. It is not generally known that he was sent to Algeria by the French Government on a mission connected with the black art—probably the first time that a conjuror has been called upon to exercise his profession in government employ. Some details of his expedition have just been published. Its object was to destroy the influence exercised among the Arab tribes by the marabouts, an influence often mischievously applied. By a few clumsy tricks and impostures these marabouts pass themselves off as sorcerers; no one, it was justly thought, was better able to eclipse their skill and discredit their science than the man of inexhaustible bottles. One of the great pretensions of the marabout was to invulnerability. At the moment that a loaded musket was fired at him, and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words, and the weapon did not go off. Houdin detected the trick, and showed that the touchhole was plugged. The Arab wizard was furious and abused his French rival: 'You may revenge yourself,' quietly replied Houdin; 'take a pistol, load it yourself; here are bullets; put one in the barrel; but before doing so mark it with your knife.' The Arab did as he was told. 'You are quite certain now,' said Houdin, 'that the pistol is loaded and will go off.' 'Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, notwithstanding that I authorize you?' 'You are my enemy,' coldly replied the Arab; 'I will kill you.' Without replying, Houdin stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word to fire. The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet the marabout had marked. The spectators remained mute from stupefaction; the marabout bowed before his superior. 'Allah is great!' he said; 'I am vanquished.'—Instead of the bottle from which, in Europe, Robert Houdin pours an endless stream of every description of wine and liqueur, he called for an empty bowl, which he kept continually full of boiling coffee; but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they made sure that it came direct from the Devil's own coffee-pot. He then told them that it was in his power to deprive them of all strength, and restore it to them at will; and he produced a small box, so light that a child could lift it with its finger, but it suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it; and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror at the great magician who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will. They expressed this belief. Houdin confirmed them in it; and promised that, on a day appointed, he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came, the throng was prodigious; a fanatical marabout agreed to give himself up to the sorcerer. They made him stand on a table, and covered him with a transparent gauze. Then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the ends, and the Arab disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The terror of the spectators was indescribable; they rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before the boldest of them thought of returning to look after the marabout. They found him near the place where he had been evaporated; but he could tell them nothing, and was, like a drunken man, ignorant of what had happened to him. Thenceforward Houdin was venerated, and the marabouts were despised;—the object of the French Government was completely attained."

☞ Dutch grocer to a little girl who objects to a Spanish quarter: "Dat yust as gute as any one—you yust take it to Cuba, and dey'll give you twenty-five cents for it."

☞ "Advice," says Coleridge, "is like snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mud."

☞ He whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.—*Southey.*

☞ A gentleman threatening to beat a dog which barked intolerably, "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, who was present, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for making a noise?"

☞ A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

☞ Douglas Jerrold used to tell the following story: A Scotchman (Douglas narrated) once assembled half-a-dozen men, put one bottle of wine before them, and then, locking the door, said, "Not one of you shall stir till it is finished!"

☞ If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time. —*Swift.*

☞ If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.—*La Bruyere.*

☞ POLITE TO THE LAST.—On his deathbed, a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral. "Because," said the dying wag, "it is a civility I can never repay."

☞ He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both.

☞ The sorrows of a pure heart are but the May-frosts which precede the warm summer-day, but the sorrows of a corrupt soul are its Autumn-frosts, which foretell the cold, dreary winter.—*Jean Paul.*

☞ Dr. Case, a kind of quack doctor in the reign of Charles II., made a fortune, and setting up his carriage amazed the town by his motto, "The Case is altered."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

IMPERIAL DOINGS—A SUGGESTIVE TOPIC—A SENSIBLE KING—THE ROSENWEIN—A PATRIOT GONE—A SINGULAR LAWSUIT.

Paris, Oct. 15, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Imperial meeting at Stuttgardt has been followed by an interview between the Russian Bear and the Austrian Eagle at Weimar, and the rumor of the possible gathering of a whole *posse* of crowned heads in this rejuvenated metropolis in the course of the autumn.

Louis Napoleon, on his return from Stuttgardt, was met at the railway station by the Empress. The pair then set off together for the Camp of Chalons, where they still are, and where a grand illumination, extra theatrical performances by the Zouaves, a concert, and a torchlight procession were got up in honor of their arrival. The piece most in vogue at the camp is "The Arab Wedding," described in one of my late letters, as having been first brought out at the Champ de Mars, in the rejoicings for the Emperor's birthday, a few weeks ago. One of the greatest triumphs achieved in this piece is the representation of a camel got up by the indefatigable Zouaves. A number of them get upon one another, perfectly imitating the form of that animal, and are then covered with a casing of brown cloth, made to the required shape, and just of the color of a camel. This is strapped securely over the fellows who make up the "camel," and lo! the representation is so perfect that you would take it for the real animal, were not the whole army too proud of the ingenuity of their comrades to allow you to remain under so erroneous an impression.

The King of Prussia, who has been very ill for a week past, is better; but his health appears to be much shaken.

M. Zandt, the architect, who built the lovely little Moorish palace of the Wilhelma, at Stuttgardt, described in one of my late letters, has just departed this life, to the great regret of his fellow countrymen. Stone and mortar outliving the hand that built them up, and the human beings that inhabit them, prompt various reflections upon the nature and meaning of our human destiny, which, however, I am not intending to inflict upon your readers, who will doubtless take more interest in hearing the latest bits of gossip afloat about the high and mighty personages who have been playing so conspicuous a part in the doings of the last few weeks.

The King of Wurtemburg, who has been playing the royal host with so much satisfaction to himself and his imperial and royal visitors, is reported to have lived with the utmost simplicity during his stay at Biarritz, (on the French side of the Spanish frontier, the Empress Eugenie's favorite seaside resort,) where he spent a couple of months this summer. His Majesty lived there under the name of the Count de Teck, and bathed among the other bathers like any ordinary mortal. The Commissary of Police, whose duty it was to inscribe the names of bathers in his book—just imagine such a state of things as this insufferable *ubiquity of the police, with the attendant impossibility* of your going to a bathing place without a passport, or taking a bath when you get there without a permit!—thus filled up the blanks in his printed register:

"Christian and Surname," *Count de Teck;* "Profession," *King;* "Whence coming," *Wurtemburg;* "Motive for travelling," *Health and Pleasure.*

Among the rare luxuries which Germany has furnished in honor of the Imperial meeting at Stuttgardt, must be mentioned, as figuring in the foremost rank, the famous *Rosenwein*, of which the free city of Bremen is so justly proud. To the burgomasters of this city only is it permissible to withdraw a few bottles of this renowned wine, each year, from the bins in which it reposes; either for their own private consumption, or to send as a gift to some one or other of the reigning sovereigns of the epoch.

The history of this wine, every bottle of which is now valued at two million two hundred thousand dollars, reads like some quaint old legend of the Middle Ages.

The municipal cellar of Bremen is the most ancient of all the cellars of Germany, and is situated under the Guildhall. One of its compartments, called the *Rose*, contains the famous Rosenwein, which is now two centuries and a half old, for it was in the Year of Grace, 1624, that three enormous hogsheads of the Rhine wine called Johannisbergen, and as many of Hocheimer—six great hogsheads in all—were carried down into the *Rose*, and there deposited.

The adjacent compartments of the cellar contain other wines of the same kinds, equally choice, though a few years younger; these are contained in twelve colossal barrels, each of which bears the name of one of the Twelve Apostles.

In the other divisions of the cellar are the different wines of the succeeding vintages. Every bottle of the Rosenwein taken out of the Rose cellar, is at once replaced by a bottle of the corresponding wine taken from one of the Apostle-Casks; the latter is itself replaced by a later wine of the same kind, and that again by a still later one, and so on. Thus the removal of a bottle of the Rosenwein is followed by a general promotion throughout the entire length of the municipal cellar, and its casks and bins, in diametrical opposition to the vessels of the Danaides, are never empty.

As to the cost of this wonderful wine, a single bottle of which is estimated at two millions of rix dollars, containing about 1,020 bottles, it cost 500 rix dollars in 1624. If we count the cost of keeping up the cellar, the duty on the wine, the interest of the purchase-money, and the compound interest upon the latter, we find that each cask has cost the city no less than 2,778,288 200 rix dollars; and that, consequently, each bottle of this unparalleled liquid now represents a sum of 2,723,812 rix dollars; each glass, or eighth part of a bottle, 340,476 rix dollars; and lastly, each drop (counting 1,000 drops to the glass,) represents the value of 500 rix dollars, or about $290.

A citizen of Bremen has a right to one bottle of this wine whenever he receives as his guest some very distinguished individual whose name is widely known in Germany, or throughout Europe. The city of Bremen more than once sent a bottle of the Rosenwein as a present to Goethe on his birthday.

During the French occupation of Bremen, some of the Imperial Generals helped themselves to a considerable quantity of this precious liquor; which has caused the burgesses of Bremen to declare that their city has paid a heavier subsidy to France than all the other towns of Germany put together.

While the King and his guests have thus been drinking a liquor that throws into the shade the historic draught of the Egyptian Queen, one of the noblest, as he was also one of the most prominent of the heroes of 1848, Daincle Manin, ex President of the short-lived Republic of Venice, has lately succumbed, in this city, to a long and painful malady. He was born in 1804; in his 17th year he was made a Doctor of Law; and as a lawyer is not admitted to the Italian bar before the age of 24, he employed himself meantime in translating and commentating the *Digeste*. The teachings of the father, Pietro Manin, and of his professor, Francesco Foronisti, had imbued him with republican ideas, which were fortified and developed by his intercourse with Tommaseo, Francesco Degli-Antoni, and other Italian patriots. But the uppermost thought of the young advocate was always the political resurrection and revivification of Italy; the form to be given to the unitary government of his country being, in his eyes, a matter of secondary importance. The proposal of an Austrian company to undertake the formation of a railway between Venice and Milan, which Manin met by a counter-proposition tending to place the projected line in the hands of an Italian company, first brought him prominently before his fellow-citizens and Italy; and the agitation thus commenced, though perfectly legal in its manifestations, alarming the Governor of Venice, Manin was thrown into prison in Venice, the 18th of January, 1848.

So indignant were the Venetians at this arbitrary proceeding, that they voluntarily abstained from parties, concerts, and the theatres; hoping by this significant demonstration of public feeling to obtain the release of their favorite leader. The breaking out of the revolutionary movement changed the passive displeasure of the Venetians into armed risings; and on the 17th of March groups of insurgents began to form in the Place Saint-Marc. The Austrian soldiers charged the crowd; but, being without orders, subsequently retreated, leaving the people to themselves. The latter at once proceeded to the liberation of Manin; but he, faithful to his respect for order, refused to leave the prison until an order for his release had been signed by the magistrates who had incarcerated him. The revolutionary movement gained strength rapidly; the tri-color-banner was displayed from the three flag-staffs in the Place Saint-Marc; the Civic Guard was organized; the Governor, Count Palfy, was deposed; and, after a movement in which only one life was lost—that of Colonel Marinowich—Manin was called upon to assume the government, and the Republic was proclaimed. The Austrian troops evacuated Venice, and only Italian soldiers and officers remained. All the civic servants of Austria, whether Italian or other, were guaranteed their liberty, the safety of their families and the security of their property. The public funds and the munitions of war remained in the hands of the Provisional Government.

Manin, Tommaseo, Paolucci, Solera, Pincherle, Paleocapa and Camerata, now constituted the government of the ancient queen of the Adriatic. They decreed the civil and political equality of all citizens before the law, abolished flogging in the army and the navy, reduced the price of salt, and established the right of accused parties to confer freely, and in private, with their counsel.

All Italy being now in arms, Charles Albert demanded of Lombardy and Venice to join his dominions, that the defence of the peninsula might be concentrated for the general benefit. In Lombardy, his overtures were accepted by 561,002 votes against 681. The Civic Guard of Venice had already voted this annexation; Manin, who would have preferred adjourning the vote, convoked an assembly to take the subject into consideration. The representatives of Venice, called to decide on the matter, gave a vote of 127 against, 61 in favor of the project.

Manin and several other members of the Provisional Government then resigned, their places being filled by others. But the approach of the Austrian forces, the defeat of Charles Albert, the desertion of France, rendered the state of Venice so difficult that Manin was compelled, by the general appeal of his fellow-citizens, to resume his post at the head of the Government, and dictatorial powers were conferred on him.

Amidst the horrors of the cholera ravaging Venice, the successive downfall of republicanism at the other points in which it had been proclaimed, the occupation of Hungary, and the treachery of the French at Rome, Venice persevered in its defence until it stood alone, exposed to the fire of Absolutism, triumphant in every quarter. On the 22nd of August, the Venetian plenipotentiaries signed a capitulation with Marshal Radetzky; and Manin and forty of his friends, were sent out of Italy as exiles. Manin now established himself in Paris, where he lived humbly and laboriously, the object of the affectionate veneration of all who succeeded in breaking through the barrier of privacy he had raised around his exile. Of late, Manin has been the object of suspicion and attack on the part of certain of the more violent members of the Republican party, because, more anxious for practical reform than for the triumph of a theory, and appreciating the progress accomplished in Piedmont, and the patriotism of her government, he had come to regard the union of Italy under the Sardinian crown, as the best and most hopeful course to be adopted by the patriots of his native land.

By the truest friends of liberty and progress, and by the moderate men of all parties, the decease of the ex President of Venice, so eminently distinguished for his patriotism, his large views, his generous and unselfish action, and his great, practical sagacity, will be deplored as a loss not only to Italy but to the world.

His funeral was conducted with the utmost simplicity, attended by his family and friends; the latter including a number of French gentlemen well known in literary and artistic circles, of different political opinions, but all uniting in veneration and affection for his memory. Ary Scheffer, the illustrious painter, (who had taken the portrait of Manin's beautiful and favorite daughter, whose premature death had saddened the latter years of his life,) has also preserved the features of the deceased. A subscription has been set on foot by the *Siecle* of this city, seconded by various Republican journals of France and Italy, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of this most pure-hearted and magnanimous Italian patriot. M. Ratazzi, the Sardinian Minister of the Interior, and the Municipal Council of Turin are among the subscribers to this fund.

A SINGULAR LAWSUIT.

A case which is about to be brought before the Civil Tribunal of Laon is probably without a precedent in the annals of jurisprudence, and affects on the one hand the future of a number of persons now living, for the most part by manual labor, in and near that city, and on the other hand the fortune of the wealthy and illustrious house of S———, one of the noblest families in France, who will be rendered absolutely penniless should the claim in question be maintained.

It appears that Count Magris-Engleber, Lord of Logrono, Molino, and half-a-dozen other grand feudal domains, and Grandee of Spain of the First class, fought in Flanders in the campaigns of 1450 and succeeding years, between the army of the warlike Bishop of Liege, (Louis de Bourbon,) and Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. In this war the Count of Logrono was made a prisoner by Duke Philip.

It was the custom in those days for the conqueror to kill his prisoners, unless the latter could afford to come down handsomely in the way of a ransom. The Count of Logrono was very rich, and he was speedily liberated from his captivity on the following terms. He made over to the Duke of Burgundy the usufruct of the greater portion of property, which the Duke and his heirs were to enjoy during the lapse of 400 years, which period was to begin on the 30th of July, 1455, and to end with the harvest of 1855, "after the carrying of the harvest;" i. e., three months after the 31st July, 1855, this property was to be integrally restored to the heirs of the Count of Logrono.

This singular contract was sealed with the great seal of France, and with that of the Bishop of Liege. The Count of Logrono had but one son. The genealogy of this family traces a series of descendants who were born in Spain, at Logrono, Segovia, Madrid, and Bilbao, down to the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1594, a Logrono was born at Nimegnen, and another at Nichin, in the Low Countries, in 1620. The first of the line who seems to have settled in France is Michel Logrono, born at Mont Saint-Hubert, in 1654. He Gallicised his name, and called himself Le Grain; he was the son of the Logrono just mentioned as having been born at Nechin.

Of the circumstances that led Michel Logrono or Le Grain, to establish himself at Chevregny, near Laon, little is now known, but it is certain that he there became the father of two sons, of whom one died childless, and the other, Pierre-Robert Le Grain, born at Chevregny the 9th February, 1688, married at Martigny, where he resided, becoming the father of two children, from whom a numerous progeny trace their descent, all of whom still inhabit that neighborhood, with the exception of three of the daughters, married to citizens of Laon. What, meantime, had become of the estates, the usufruct of which had been abandoned to the Duke of Burgundy and his descendants for the space of 400 years by Count Magris Engleber Logrono? It is stated that the conditions of the contract of ransom were strictly and legally executed by the heirs of Duke Philip. Of the numerous domains of which he enjoyed the revenues, not one was sold during this long lapse of time. Many changes inevitably took place in the tenure of these estates but every time that their temporary ownership changed hands, the origin, nature and conditions of the property that had belonged to the prisoner of Bourines were carefully specified, and their return to the descendants of the latter insisted upon as to take place at the prescribed epoch. There were also, among the Logronos or Le Grains of the Low Countries, persons who watched over their future property.

Thus, when the family of S———, by whom the estates in question were held at the time of the Revolution, were compelled to emigrate, they were included in the act of sequestration issued against the family. But the citizen D. G. Le Grain, representative of the people for the department of the Sambre-et-Meuse, and member of the High Court, protested against this seizure, and showed the illegality of considering, as the property of an emigrant, estates of which that emigrant enjoyed only the usufruct, and which would soon be claimed by the family to whom they really belonged, and who had no difficulties of any kind to settle with the Republic. The representative Le Grain obtained, on this occasion, a verdict in his favor. A decree of the Minister of Justice, sanctioned by the councils of the 24th Thermidor, An VI. (11th August, 1696), raised the sequestration laid upon the property in question, and which, not being sold, were restored, at a subsequent period to the S——— family, who hold them at the present day.

It appears that, in 1855, a notice was published in various journals, calling on the descendants of Count Logrono to come forward and prove their rights. More than three hundred persons, it is said, are preparing to answer this appeal, and to make good their claims to the inheritance of their forefathers. Some of these claimants inhabit France, others are still settled in the Netherlands. The estates in question, including many large tracts of meadows, fields and woods, with great numbers of buildings of all kinds, chateaux, marks, &c., are worth eight millions of dollars. The descendants of Philip of Burgundy have offered four millions of dollars to the heirs of the Count of Logrono, on condition that the property in question is made over to them for ever; but the latter are so sure of the validity of their claim that it is not probable that any compromise will be accepted by them. QUANTUM.

☞ Within thine own bosom are the stars of thy destiny.—*Schiller.*

☞ A man is most properly said to be "ripe for any thing," when he is a little mellow.

LIFE IN AN OMNIBUS.

BY LEOPOLD WRAY.

An omnibus is the epitome of human life. It performs its onward course like fate or time; it would not go backwards nor step aside even to save a human being. Like those who set out together on the journey through life, the passengers of an omnibus drop off one by one. Some go to the right, some to the left, and they may perhaps never meet again. Is it not the same with the companions of our youth? How few of these do we find by our side in maturer years! Some have gone astray, others have died,—but, from whatever cause it may be, we miss many familiar faces towards the close of our earthly pilgrimage. Reader, did you ever—except at the hour for dinner and in an omnibus bound for one of the suburbs,—did you, we say, ever know an instance in which you went the whole length of the way in a town omnibus, in company with the same fellow-travellers with whom you started? We never did—and it is this perpetual changing, these ups and downs, this jumble of ranks, ages and tempers that induce us to compare the small journey of the omnibus to the larger one of human life.

We once took it into our heads to spend a day in an omnibus—at least if our patience would hold out—in order to study character, under its different phases. We therefore enconced ourselves in a corner of one of these popular vehicles continually traversing some of the great thoroughfares of our overgrown city, and performed each journey to and fro, paying our fare and remaining a fixture, to the great surprise of the conductor.

It was fine weather when we set out; and this makes a wonderful difference even in the interior of an omnibus. In the first place, the conductor invites you in with a gracious air, because riding in fine weather is a species of small luxury; and then all your neighbors are more pleasantly disposed under favorable atmospheric influence, to say nothing of their equanimity being undisturbed by wet umbrellas and muddy boots. Besides, it was early, and people's tempers are always more attuned to harmony before noon than after they have been ruffled by the events of the day—just as in early youth the feelings are fresh and untainted by the worldly wisdom that springs from and experience; and although it is not the custom to talk to one's fellow-passengers in an omnibus, probably because the journey being so short, it is deemed not worth while to make oneself agreeable, still the good temper and the pleasantness may ooze out in various minor channels, independently of speech, and nothing prevents your listening to the scraps of conversation exchanged among those who have companions.

Well, we're off. The conductor wears a flower in his button-hole, and seems in excellent spirits. He appears to have a talent for inveigling passengers, for in less than no time our freight is complete—ay, more than complete, I think, for the fat lady he thrust in upon our side might very fairly count for two. However, we are all good-humored, so we squeeze a little and jog on. The young man, with sandy hair, in the corner next the door, who has been indefatigable in handing in all the female passengers, now finds his "occupation gone" in that respect, but enjoys a pleasant prospect in an opposite neighbor, a pretty girl evidently belonging to the tribe of milliners. The heavy gentleman in front of me, with his travelling bag at his feet, is giving instructions to a slim young man, who seems to be his clerk, and apparently in high spirits at the prospect of the "governor's" departure. Two ladies, with paper parcels in their hands, are evidently going to spend the day with some friend, and are talking both at once of their anticipated pleasure.

"Conductor!" cries the fat lady, "you were to set me down at the corner."

"Hold hard!" responds the conductor, and after whirling her half a street further from the desired spot, the vehicle stops. The fat lady nearly stumbles over the travelling bag belonging to the heavy gentleman, but recovers the centre of gravity by my zealous efforts; while the sandy young man who took care of her lap dog while she was getting out, flounces, crinoline and all, now hands out the little favorite to its grateful mistress, who is so pleased with the kindness shown her dog, that she puts up with the inconvenience of trudging backwards to reach her destination.

"Hold hard!" sounds again, and in steps a young woman with her baby—the latter being carefully nursed by the sandy young man while its mamma is getting in, till she resumes her property, which straight begins kicking its little heels against my knees. I am obliged to call it a "pretty dear," though I begin to think this is worse than the fat lady. Thus in life, we often call for a change which proves less endurable than the evil we had got accustomed to. Again we stop. Out gets the heavy gentleman and his clerk, and in comes a lawyer with his bag, and a laundress whose basket is consigned to the top of the vehicle. I began pondering on these two characters, each silent as mutes, and thinking how one whitewashes his client's reputation, and the other her customer's linen—both perform dirty work, one morally, and the other physically.

"Pray, sir, will you tell the conductor to stop?" cries the young milliner.

Again the sandy young man is in requisition. The coachman pulls up—but the street is crowded, and the milliner is afraid of crossing amidst all the carts.

"Don't be afraid, miss," says the conductor, good-humoredly, allowing the omnibus to stand for a moment to serve as a protection, while the sandy young man, the knight-errant of modern times, pays his fare and gets down a street or two before his destination, to see the pretty milliner safe across the road. The omnibus whirls us away before we could see any further than the safe arrival of the pair on the opposite shore, after escaping the shoals and quicksands of the wide crossing. Will their acquaintance end there, or will it end in a marriage, as in a novel?

One by one my companions drop off, till I remain like Campbell's "last man"—but only for the space of a few moments. The population is renewed—but this time it was but scanty on the return journey. I occupied one bench, and a saturnine looking man was reading his newspaper on the other. Now we start again from the same point from which I first set out. My companions seem a shade less good-natured than on the former outward journey. One lady breaks through the anti-sociable rule of silence towards strangers, just to inform us that this is the first time she ever rode in an omnibus, and calls the conductor the footman. A well-dressed young man seems highly annoyed at the vicinity of a respectable journeyman shoemaker, because he is carrying a bundle of ladies' slippers, perhaps to shoe the very feet he will admire at this evening's ball.

Again, I am the "last man" (I am not punning on the shoemaker, gentle reader), *plus* a dog who had crept in on somebody's heels, and whom all had complained of, though the best-behaved passenger of the lot, and nobody fathered. "This dog has forgotten to follow his master," said I to the conductor. "Lord bless you, no, sir!" answered the conductor; "he's a reg'lar customer as doesn't pay—knows our 'bus as well as you or *me*—comes to look for his master, who's often on our line. Going down, ma'am?" asked he of a lady on the other side of the street, having ever an eye to business.

Another return, and another start off—but what a change has "come o'er the spirit of my dream." It now rains. The conductor dons his oil skin coat. The flower is crushed, and hangs his head. His good temper is quenched. He wastes no eloquence now to persuade people to "jump in;" he knows he will be full directly; he slams the door after each, and when his complement is obtained, he merely gives a supercilious shake of the head by way of refusal to each dripping postulant. We are tightly wedged in. Some clamor to have the windows shut, others are stifled, and want them open. Fragments of conversations din my ears with their hubbub in that close atmosphere. My right ear hears one sentence, my left ear catches another. It was like a kind of cross-fire to this effect: "He has betted a large sum on that mare." "They say she has run off with a cavalry officer." "Did you hear the Rev. Jack Preachall's last sermon?" "No, but I met him the other day in liquor." "Oh, shocking!" cried a prim old maid next to me, to her niece or younger sister on her other side—having caught these words spoken by one young man to his friend at the other end of the omnibus. "Well! I'll never ask him to tea again, and I'll warn Mrs. Jenkinson, who has three daughters—"

Here the two young men cried out to the conductor to stop and brushing past the old maid, disappeared in a trice, while the latter went on: "He who ought to be an example to his flock! What a shame!"

Epitome of the world indeed! Here was envy, malice, and all uncharitableness within the small limits of an omnibus! I confess I lost all patience, and starting from the impassibility of a mere spectator, I involuntarily exclaimed: "Tut! all this virtuous indignation arises from sheer spite against the Misses Jenkinson, either of whom your Rev. Mr. Preachall would sooner marry than yourself. But I don't advise you to run the risk of an action for libel by repeating the story of the reverend gentleman's being in liquor, as I can bear witness the end of the sentence was *pond Street!*"—(Liquor-pond Street.)

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, turning scarlet.

I perceived the omnibus would grow too hot to hold me, *so down I got* in the pouring rain, preferring the war of the elements to the storm of words I felt I had raised, followed by the poor dog, whom the now cross conductor had summarily ejected with a "Get out, you dirty cur!" and philosophizing as I went: "How many who begin life in a carriage end their journey on foot!"

A WORD FOR TOBACCO.

Not a shadow of proof can be adduced that smoking stunts growth. It is comparatively seldom that, at the very earliest, the practice is begun before the fifteenth year, when the frame has already acquired its impress for life. The causes which arrest or accelerate growth are as yet totally unknown to us, whatever may be said to the contrary by those who profess to be acquainted with the most mysterious processes of nature. Dr. Campbell, with all his industry, collected one solitary case to clear up this mystery—that of M'Grath, who was experimented on in such a comfortable way by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. The physical powers of the rising generation have not yet been shown to have degenerated below those of their ancestors; nay, there are good reasons for believing that in strength and endurance they as far surpass them as they certainly do in cleanliness and temperance. Wherever a name is to be gained or danger to be faced, on the breach or on the ocean, in the desert, the prairie, or the pampa, the Englishman is to be found. From him come the hardy backwoodsman; the enduring, daring, lonely traveller; the adventurous emigrant; men who have triumphed over a thousand difficulties, and sought in a pipe for consolation in a thousand dangers. When the armor was tried on for the Eglinton tournament, it was found that scarcely a suit was large enough for the degenerate wearers; and our Guards would give an equally good account of that in the Tower. No weapons have been preserved which a modern athlete could not use. The wrestlers of Cumberland and Westmoreland, of Devon and Cornwall; the prize-fighters of the southern and midland counties; the navvies of Lancashire; the Guards, the boatmen of Cam, the Isis, the Tyne, and the Thames, would beat the men of last century into fits. In every manly exercise—boxing, running, wrestling, boating, riding—Young England need not fear a rival. About nineteen years ago the matter was put to a practical test. A cricket match was played at Brighton, I believe (Mr. Dowling can set me right perhaps), between the smokers and smoke-haters; the latter were beaten—*Death in the Pipe, by J. L. Milton, M.R.C.S.L.*

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure for colic. Put a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of cold water, drink it, and then go to bed. The same will relieve a person who has had a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if the patient can swallow; if not, the head must be sponged well with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from lethargy. Salt will expel worms, if used in food in moderate quantities. It aids digestion. Much salt meat is injurious."

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

From the hills of home forthlooking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along you breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea, I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence—outward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of hodden gray.

The great eventful present hides the past; but, through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the love of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter, which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through,
On the tombs of old traditions flowers of song I fain would twine—
Wipe the moss from off the tablet, and retouch the faded line.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north—
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying bands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together—talked of wizards Satan-sold,
Of all ghostly sights and noises, signs and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds.

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depth of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, blooms of warmer latitudes;
Where the arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
And the silver-starred magnolia lights the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came,
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass, that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
"Ghosts of witches," said the Captain, "Thus I foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button from his doublet down his gun!

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets from the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead:
With a laugh of fierce derision once again the phantoms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the Captain, "never mortal foes were there,
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the Air!
Lay aside your useless weapons, skill and prowess nought avail;
They who do the Devil's service, wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall;
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
But the Captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the Unseen Powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones as the Captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marshings of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound, abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghastly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the truth and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the dark hour dim-defined;
Round us throng the deep projections of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

J. G. W., *in National Era.*

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement—it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it—it will make her eyes open wider than they have done for these ten years; but it will do her good, for all that, and you, too.

There are many women, to-day, thirsting for the word of *praise*, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely everyday life may be made beautiful by the appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know, if you can take a clean shirt from your drawer whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

Is it not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a flow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health, that they are so selfish in their feeling? They don't come out with a hearty, "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert-room; in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back, and their heads up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down; or, if everything is just right, shut their mouth with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of housekeeping—*your wives*; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes;) if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others—fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so so ish affection. *Praise your wife*, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own."

SMALL COURTESIES.

A lady of our acquaintance used often to assert that a gentleman, then sleeping with his fathers, had been the politest man of his generation, and as a reason for this opinion, always told the following story: On returning once from school for the holidays, she had been put under his charge for the journey. They stopped for the night at a Cornish inn. Supper was ordered, and soon there appeared a dainty dish of woodcocks. Her cavalier led her to the board with the air of a Grandison; and then proceeded to place all the legs of the birds on her plate. At first, with her school girl prejudices in favor of wings and in disfavor of legs and drumsticks, she felt rather angered at having these (as she supposed) uninviting and least delicate parts imposed upon her; but in after years, when gastronomic light had beamed on her, and the experience of many suppers brought true appreciation, she did full justice to the memory of the man who could sacrifice such morceaus as woodcocks' thighs to the crude appetite of a girl; and who could thus show his innate deference for womanhood even in such budding form. In these small courtesies we must confess that we have ever found the most gallant nation under the sun very deficient. In the abstract of politeness the Gaul is great; he is grand. We have seen him dash off his hat at a group of ladies every time they passed him, with a frantic enthusiasm, which made us tremble for the brim. We have even seen him wave it at their shadow, or even the poodle dog which followed at their heels. Yet, alas! when these same deities appeared at the *table d'hote*, how blind, how insensible was he to their presence! how closely did he hug his well-chosen seat, though they were seatless! how zealously did he pick for himself the tit bits and the dainties, without regard or thought for their delicate palates!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE ASS.—We all talk of the ass as the stupidest of the browsers of the field; yet if any one shuts up a donkey in the same inclosure with half a dozen horses of the finest blood, and the party escape, it is infallibly the poor donkey that has led the way. It is he alone that penetrates the secret of the bolt and latch. Often have we stood at the other side of a hedge, contemplating a whole troop of blood-mares and their offspring, patiently waiting, while the donkey was snuffing over a piece of work to which all but he felt themselves incompetent.—*Quarterley Review.*

BOYS.

A boy is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves a separate chapter in the natural history of man. The real lives of boys are yet to be written. The lives of pious and good boys, which enrich the catalogues of great publishing societies, resemble a real boy's life about as much as a chicken, picked and larded, upon a spit, and ready for delicious eating, resembles a free fowl in the fields. With some few honorable exceptions, they are impossible boys, with incredible goodness. Their piety is monstrous. A man's experience stuffed into a little boy is simply monstrous. And we are soundly skeptical of this whole school of juvenile *pate de foie gras* piety. Apples that ripen long before their time are either diseased or worm-bitten.

So long as boys are babies, how much are they cherished! But by-and-by the cradle is needed for another. From the time that a babe becomes a boy until he is a young man, he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no special place assigned in Nature. They are always in the way. They are always doing something to call down rebuke. They are inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome just where you don't wish them to be. Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have measles or chicken-pox. They invade your drawers, mix up your tooth-powder with hair-oil; pull your laces and collars from their repositories; upset your ink upon invaluable manuscript; tear up precious letters, scatter your wafers; stick everything up with experimental sealing-wax; and spoil all your pens in the effort at spoiling all your paper.

Poor boys! What *are* they good for? It is an unfathomable mystery that we come to our manhood (as the Israelites reach Canaan) through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical times. They will tell lies, and after infinite pains to teach them the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and literalness by blurting out before company a whole budget of family secrets. Would you take a quiet nap? Slam-bang go a whole bevy of boys through the house! Has the nervous baby at length, after all manner of singings, trottings, soothings, and maternal bosom-opiates, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannerly boy will be on hand to bawl out for permission to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave.

Who shall describe the daily battle of the hair and the bath, the ordeal of aprons for the table, the placing and moving up, and the endless task of good manners? If there is one saint that ought to stand higher than another on the calendar, it is a patient, sweet-tempered children's nurse! Talk of saintship, simply because a man lived in a cave, and was abstemious, or because he died bravely at the stake? What are fagots of fiery sticks for a few moments, compared to those animated fagots which consume nurses and governesses for months and years, to say nothing of the occasional variety of parental coals!

Are we, then, not on the boys' side? To be sure we are. It is not their fault that they are boys, nor that older people are not patient.

The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it is to thwart Nature. We need to provide for it. Not to attempt to find amusement for them; but to give them opportunity to amuse themselves.—*H. W. Beecher, in Independent.*

THE PAST.

The past is very tender at my heart;
Full, as the memory of an ancient friend
When once again we stand beside his grave.
Raking among old papers thrown in haste
'Mid useless lumber, unawares I came
On a forgotten poem of my youth.
I went aside and read each faded page,
Warm with dead passion, sweet with buried Junes,
Filled with the light of suns that are no more.
I stood like one who finds a golden tress
Given by loving hands no more on earth,
And starts, beholding *how the dust of years*
Which dims all else, has never touched its light.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES.

Of the many Chinamen in New York, not a few keep cigar stands upon the sidewalks.—Their neighbors in trade are the Milesian apple women. Twenty eight of these apple-women have gone the way of matrimony with their elephant eyed, olive skinned cotemporaries, and the most of them are happy mothers in consequence. The physiologists aver that the human being is improved as is the domestic branch of the quadrupedal animal, by "crossing." If this be true—and we suspect that it is—the natives of this country ought to be remarkable for physical strength and beauty; for surely there was never such a mixture of races in any part of the world. Representatives of all nations have located and married here. We know of two Bedouin Arabs, part of an exhibiting troupe that came to this country several years ago, who married wives and are rearing offspring in one of the Hudson river counties.

Siam has its representatives here in the famous twins, and in one of the up-town streets a wealthy native of Morocco domiciliates with a Westchester county spouse. The mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, English, Irish, Danish, Swedish, &c., is perfectly bewildering, but the amalgamation of the Irish and the Chinese is more than bewildering—it begets a chaos of ideas from which no ray of intelligibility can be safely elucidated. Imagine a scion of this stock chattering gaily about "Josh" in one moment, and speaking of his father Ping Sing-Chi, and in the next whirling a shillelah at a primary election, and swearing that he goes in, tooth and nail, or rather body and breeches, for the nomination of his mother's brother, Patrick O'Dowd. Oh, what a country is this!—*N. Y. Mercury.*

☞ "George, you are looking very smiling. What has happened?"

"The most delightful thing. I caught my Jenny by surprise this morning, in her wrapper, and *without hoops*; and I got the first kiss I've had since whalebone skirts came into fashion."

THE WATER-BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLARA DOTY.

A bird sat on a swaying reed,
Tall-growing on the river's brink,
First eating of the dainty seed,
Then dipping down his head to drink.

Watching the water break in rings,
He saw a bird with eyes and crest
As black as were the folded wings
About its downy yellow breast.

It ate with him—drank with him long;
The reed swung from the river's brim;
He poured his little soul in song—
A wondrous musical bird-hymn.

Then gazed to see the ripples dance
In glee, while sang the water-bird;
Upward to meet his listening glance,
It mutely gazed—nor sang nor stirred.

While thus he sat, his own sweet trill
Awoke a host of echoing notes;
The reeds which all had stood so still,
Rocked to and fro like fairy-boats.

Many upon life's river-reeds,
See others with eye, crest and wing,
Who drink the water, eat the seeds,
But want the soul and life to sing.

BOAR-HUNTING.—Excellent sport as boar-hunting may be, it is, nevertheless, very dangerous when a large and fierce boar turns to bay. The following anecdote is related of the late King of Wurtemberg. One day, when hunting in the Black Forest, where boars still are found, a large one was driven into a snare; the King ordered a huntsman to go in and kill the animal; when the man entered, the boar rushed at him and killed him on the spot; another went in, and met the same fate. The King was very much grieved and annoyed at the death of his huntsmen, and at the others, that they did not volunteer to despatch the animal; he at length offered a reward of one hundred florins to any of the bystanders who would kill the boar. A young woodcutter, who was attracted by the hunt, accepted the offer; he sprang over the fence, armed with his hatchet. Taking off his cap, and holding it in his left hand, while he firmly grasped his hatchet in the right, he cautiously advanced to the boar and thrust his cap towards the creature; it instantly seized the cap; at the same moment the woodman raised his hatchet and clove the brute's skull. The King was not the best pleased with the exploit; he paid him the money, at the same time saying, "You rascal, this is not the first bear you have killed, by a good many; don't let me see you here too often."

ANTI-CELIBACY CLUBS.—Several female clubs have been formed in the departments of the Var and the Gironde for mutual relief against celibacy. The original club, after which the others are modelled, has been in existence for four years. Each member pays 10 francs monthly to the treasurer. These subscriptions produce annually 24,000 francs, to which is added the amount raised by two half-yearly lotteries, of which the prizes consist of valuable articles, the gift of the members. The original club is composed of two hundred young ladies. At the end of the year the society is enabled to dispose of 30,000 to 40,000 francs, which serve to give a marriage portion to two or three of the members, chosen by ballot. If the fortunate candidates are not married within a year the money returns to the common fund, and additional candidates are portioned the following year. The members of the club continue to pay their subscriptions for ten years after their marriage, and are bound to facilitate by all means in their power the marriage of their former associates. The members of the association, married or single, are bound as long as they live to aid and succor their fellow members under all circumstances.

A CHILD WITH A GOLDEN TOOTH.—At the end of the sixteenth century terrible excitement was caused by a report that a golden tooth had appeared in the jaw of a child born in Silesia. The rumor, on being investigated, turned out to be too true. It became impossible to conceal it from the public; and the miracle was soon known all over Germany, where, being looked upon as a mysterious omen, universal anxiety was felt as to what this new thing might mean. Its real import was first unfolded by Dr. Horst. In 1595, this eminent physician published the result of his researches, by which it appears that, at the birth of the child, the sun was in conjunction with Saturn, at the sign of Aries. The event, therefore, though supernatural, was by no means alarming. The golden tooth was the precursor of a golden age, in which the Emperor would drive the Turks from Caristendom, and lay the foundation of an empire that would last for thousands of years. And this, says Horst, is clearly alluded to by Daniel, in his well known second chapter, where the prophet speaks of a statue with a golden head.—*Buckle's History of Civilization in England.*

HINDOO PREJUDICES.—A little European child went, one forenoon, into his father's garden, just as the Hindoo gardener had finished cooking a large mess of *chapties* (unfermented cakes) for himself and a party of friends. The child touched the end of a plank, on which the food was placed, with a stick he held in his hand; his doing this so highly offended the prejudices of the too scrupulous gardener, that he immediately threw the whole away as polluted, and with his friends fasted till evening. A Hindoo may be convicted of aggravated crime, still, on returning home, he is not excluded from the privileges of caste; but were the same man to take a glass of water from the hands of a Christian, he would be considered an outcast ever after. Even the administration of remedies to native Hindoos in dangerous sickness, is often difficult, when Europeans have to compound for them; some would prefer to take no medicine at all, rather than receive a remedy from the hands of an European.

WHAT THE HINDOOS DO WITH THE BIBLES.—Dr. Moriarty in a lecture delivered in Boston upon the troubles in India spoke of the fifty thousand pounds sterling expended in one year by the London Society for Bibles. The natives received them gladly, for paper was scarce there, and the leaves were soon made available as wrapping paper for pepper, &c., and the board in the covers reappeared in the frame work of sandals.

MEMORY.

BY W. M. PRAED.

I.

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee;
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad mind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

II.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow;
And dream, when the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

III.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing while the galling chain,
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

IV.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever;
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
"'Tis pleasant to remember!"

STEAM-TRAIN FOR THE NAVIGATION OF THE EAST INDIAN RIVERS.

Of all measures of improvement requiring to be carried out in India there is none of more pressing importance, or that would be productive of benefits more momentous, than the navigation of the great rivers by steam. The Ganges, the Indus, and the Godavery, with their numerous tributaries, form a vast network of internal communication extending over a large part of India; and a reference to the map will show what an extended system of internal transport would be afforded if those rivers were to be navigated by steam in an effectual manner. The rivers of India, however, in common with most of the rivers of tropical countries are shallow during the dry season; and, as Lord Palmerston lately remarked in Parliament, any one who concluded, from the imposing display which these rivers make upon the map, that they could, therefore be ascended far into the interior by steam-vessels of the ordinary description, would fall into serious error. But, by employing vessels of a draught of water not exceeding two feet, the Ganges and the Indus may be ascended nearly to the base of the Himalaya, and the Godavery into the heart of Berar; and, by the species of steam train proposed by Mr. Bourne for the navigation of the Indian rivers, this light draught of water is reconciled with a very large carrying power for either passengers or cargo. The desideratum is attained by placing the commodities which require to be conveyed, not in the steamer herself, which would sink her too deeply in the water, but in a string of barges of light draught, towed by the steamer in the same manner as the carriages of a railway train are towed by the locomotive.

The species of steam-trains which Mr. Bourne, from his personal examinations of the Indian rivers, found would be best adapted to surmount the special difficulty of the navigation, is represented in our engraving as bombarding a place on the banks of the river; and most of the large town and military stations of India are situated on or near some great river. Besides being able to carry large numbers of soldiers and large quantities of cargo, these trains would each be able to carry about thirty guns. Captain Hall, late of the *Nemesis*, has gone carefully into this question, and he reports that Mr. Bourne's trains will constitute the best possible species of gun boat for shallow water; and this function can be performed without impairing their efficiency in other respects. The Oriental Inland Steam Company is about to establish such trains of vessels in India, under an arrangement with the Government which will guarantee a minimum return of ten per cent. to the shareholders. The draught of water of the train is two feet; and it is found from experimental trials which have already been made that it can be steered and guided even in very shallow water with the greatest facility.

THE WEDDING-BREAKFAST.

A ROMANCE OF YESTERDAY.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Archibald Freemantle was a fashionable bachelor of uncertain age. As a stock and share broker he had made some lucky hits, and though one of the *dilettanti* in Pall Mall, he was a clever and shrewd man of business in Capel Court. Why he so long remained a unit in the great sum of society had puzzled many contemplative mammas; for his manners were most winning, and his banker's book quite satisfactory. The truth is, that Mr. Freemantle had raised for himself a high standard of female perfectibility. He contended that without mutual admiration no happy union could exist—that the drama of married life should be written, not in blank verse, but in rhymed couplets. At one time he flattered himself that he had found this marvel of her sex in Zenobia, the only child of his esteemed friend Spicer, a substantial wholesale tea-dealer. She had fine, large, speaking eyes; a pale forehead and raven tresses; and she wrote sweet letters to her married cousins, describing scenes of imaginary domestic bliss, and pointing out to them the most efficient mode to render affection permanent, and make home happy. Still, in Mr. Freemantle's critical opinion, she was not *all* that woman might be. She had one misfortune and one fault. She was a little over two-and-thirty, and she could not listen so well as she could talk.

Although Mr. Freemantle knew that his friend Spicer had long desired to bring about a matrimonial union between his daughter Zenobia and his ward Harry Lightfoot, he was scarcely prepared for the intelligence when it reached him in the shape of an invitation to the wedding-breakfast. Lightfoot he felt was not by any means suited to an ethereal-minded creature like Zenobia Spicer. He could not appreciate her aspirations; he could not understand even the forms of speech in which they were conveyed. He was by temperament too mercurial, by taste and habit too nomadic, to dost upon Zenobia as such a woman desired and deserved to be dosted on. It is true that by his father's will, of which Mr. Spicer was the sole surviving trustee, young Lightfoot was entitled to ten thousand pounds stock on his attaining twenty-five; but was it possible that Zenobia, with her lofty mind and competent figure, had been caught in a shower of gold? Had she been fascinated by a suitor's Long Annuities, and could she stoop so low as to be influenced in her choice by the Reduced? Alas, Mr. Freemantle was grieved to confess that woman's love, like a Paddington omnibus, often went no farther than the Bank.

On his arrival at the suburban residence of Mr. Spicer, he found the wedding guests assembled in the drawing-room, the high contracting parties being about to execute that fatal document the marriage settlement. The bride, in her dress of tulle, and crowned with orange-blossoms, sat on the blue embroidered sofa with her bridesmaids—Fanny Meadows, a pretty dimple-cheeked country coquette, and Agnes Homewood, a lovely girl with soft, gazelle-like eyes, whose intended, Lieutenant Clipton, R.N., was out in the Black-Sea fleet. It was rumored—and we see no reason to doubt it—that since the lieutenant's departure from England, young Agnes had received eleven offers from personal friends of the lieutenant, all of whom were so proud of his naval fame, that they would have rejoiced to hear of his dying nobly in defence of his country.

Mr. Spicer having duly executed the settlement with all becoming formality, Zenobia approached the table, and delineated her name in emulous characters, betraying the mental agitation which imminent matrimony is calculated to excite. Mr. Harry Lightfoot was then cautioned by the foxy-visage little lawyer Argus Tape, of Dove's Inn) to affix his signature, which he did with most improper irreverence; burlesquing the usual formulary by putting his finger on the seal, and saying in a comic voice, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

The trustees—Captain Bangham of the Royal Artillery Company, an eminent brassfounder; and Mr. Pye, a small but very old friend of the family—then supplied their autographs; and Mr. Spicer having handed the bridegroom the bank-notes for £2000, the foundation-stone of the temple of Hymen might be considered as laid.

"Where do you think of spending your honeymoon?" said Mr. Pye, as Lightfoot stood at the bay-window coolly paring his nails. "At the Isle of Wight?"

"The Isle of Dogs!" replied Mr. Lightfoot contemptuously. "Do you think," he continued, "that I'm going to bury myself alive?"

"But you won't be buried alone," observed Mr. Pye, with a suggestive smile; "you'll have Zenobia—eh?"

The bridegroom, instead of being consoled by this reflection, seemed irritated by some fine particles of sand on his coat-sleeve, which he blew off with an expression of ferocity.

"Are you married?" he demanded, turning sharply upon Mr. Pye.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Pye, modestly; "business has been rather indifferent, of late."

"What is your business?"

"Pye Brothers, outfitters," returned the trustee. "We're the patentees of the 'Nurse's Friend and Mother's Consolation the patent Self-supporting Baby's Sock.' If you should want anything in our way—"

Lightfoot was again irritated by another fortuitous concourse of atoms upon his lapel, and which he removed with greater alacrity than before.

"I wonder whether they've got any soda-water below," he said, shutting up his penknife. "I dined at Richmond, yesterday, and took too much salmon." And with this remark, and without even glancing at Zenobia, he left the room.

"Singular young man," said Mr. Pye, addressing Captain Bangham, whose florid complexion, proud carriage, and corpulent person would have done honor to any company, civil or military.

"A puppy, sir," exclaimed the captain. "He should be taught, sir, how to behave himself, before he married a daughter of mine."

"It's a melancholy case of infatuation," observed Mr. Freemantle, with a half-suppressed sigh. "Poor Zenobia!"

"There seems to be a good deal of brass about him," said Mr. Pye, regarding the captain, as he always did, with an air of deference.

Captain Bangham—who detested any allusion to the metal in which he wrought, and by which his fortune, if not his renown, had been acquired—was about to explode with some fierce sarcasm, for which the unhappy Pye, now convinced of his indiscretion, was fully prepared, when a sound like the shooting of coals, accompanied by a violent female shriek, struck all parties present with astonishment and dismay.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Spicer, "somebody has fallen down stairs."

Gentlemen and ladies, as by one impulse, rushed to the stair-head, when—how shall we describe their emotions on perceiving in the hall below, the prostrate form of Mr. Harry Lightfoot, and beside him, a scuttle of coals, the innocent cause of his disaster?

On raising the sufferer, it was found that he had sustained a dislocation or sprain—he scarcely knew which—not less painful than inconvenient. He, however, obstinately refused to have medical assistance, although he confessed that his accident was "no joke," and that as for walking, you might as well expect him to fly.

Here was the hymenial chariot brought to a dead-lock.

Leaving the patient on a couch, in the library, under care of those sweet soothers, Fanny Meadows and Agnes Homewood (the bride, it is presumed, had retired to her chamber to enjoy the luxury of weeping alone,) Mr. Spicer and his friends in the drawing-room, held a consultation as to what steps should be taken to enable the bridegroom elect to carry out his engagement under existing circumstances.

"I fancy," said Mr. Freemantle, tickling his nose with a pinch of scented snuff, "that it must be put off."

"Put off," exclaimed Mr. Spicer, with alarm, "when the settlement is executed, and—and he has got my two hundred pounds for his wedding trip."

"But how can he walk, my dear sir, from the church-door to the altar?" said Mr. Freemantle.

"Couldn't he be carried on a chair?" suggested Mr. Pye, coaxingly.

"Carried on a donkey," ejaculated Captain Bangham, with a scornful laugh.

"A sedan-chair of course," observed Mr. Freemantle, tickling his nose with another little pinch.

"It might be done," said Mr. Spicer, looking inquiringly at his friends in council.

"My dear sir," rejoined Mr. Freemantle, with impressive solemnity, "you surely forget that the bridegroom must stand while he makes his responses."

"Let him stand on his head," grumbled Bangham, "if he can't stand on his feet."

Mr. Spicer looked very angrily indeed at the brass-founder, but made no reply; and retired to ascertain whether any improvement had taken place in his expected son-in-law.

"How is he going on?" demanded Freemantle and Pye, as the bewildered parent reappeared with mystery and gloom strongly imprinted on his brow.

"Freemantle—" said the father of Zenobia.

"My dear sir," replied the Adonis of Capel Court.

"That coal-scuttle was placed there purposely," said Mr. Spicer, fanning himself with his handkerchief.

"Purposely!" exclaimed Mr. Pye, with an incredulous gaze. "Dear, dear! Who could be so wicked?"

"I'm convinced of it," rejoined Mr. Spicer, maliciously.

"Where's your evidence?" demanded Captain Bangham.

"And had not Zenobia interposed," continued the father, "I would have discharged every servant in the house there and then, sir—there and then."

"Compose yourself, Spicer; you are excited," said Mr. Freemantle, tendering him his snuff box.

"I tell you what it is, Freemantle," exclaimed Mr. Spicer, "there's a conspiracy, sir,—a conspiracy. Do you understand me?"

"Upon my life, I can't conscientiously say that I do," replied Mr. Freemantle.

"Why don't you speak out at once?" demanded Captain Bangham. "If you suspect anybody, give us his name."

Mr. Spicer buttoned up his pocket fiercely, and uttered a suppressed groan.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," observed Mr. Pye, sympathetically; "what is to be will be, and what is not to be will not be."

"If Zenobia sees things as I do," said Captain Bangham, "she'll be grateful to whoever put that scuttle there. My advice to all young women is, never marry a man till he asks you; and I'm confident he never asked her."

"Bangham, you've no regard for my child," exclaimed Mr. Spicer, as he retired, slamming the door after him.

"A child at her age—pooh!" was the brass-founder's retort.

"Do you really think," whispered Mr. Pye to Mr. Freemantle, "that there is any love between the parties?"

"Let us hope so," replied Mr. Freemantle. "But what reason have you to doubt it?"

"Well," returned Mr. Pye, looking round cautiously, "as soon as young Lightfoot had taken the bank-notes in his hand, I saw Miss Meadows smile at him, as much as to say, 'Now you've got the money, I'll bet anything you'd rather be without the wife.'"

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Freemantle—"Don't let your mind give way to such uncharitable thoughts;" and as he gave this injunction, Zenobia's parent entered, with his hand on his bald head, and looking more gloomy and embarrassed than before.

"It's of no use," he remarked; "I can do nothing with them. I offered Lightfoot a pair of very genteel black spring crutches, which I used myself when I broke my leg, but he won't accept them."

"Is it possible?" cried Mr. Pye, incredulously.

"And Zenobia—" said Mr. Freemantle.

"Is too much distressed, of course," answered Mr. Spicer, "to express any opinion about it; but as for Miss Meadows—"

"Well?" interrupted Captain Bangham; "that girl has more sense in her little finger than—either you or I have."

"What right, I demand, has she to bias my daughter's feelings?" demanded Mr. Spicer. "I believe, sir, that she knows too much—too much a great deal. She now declares that if she were in Zenobia's place, before she would marry a man on crutches—"

Mr. Spicer paused; for at this moment the wedding-chaise and pair, with a smart little postboy in a jockey's cap and buff jacket, was seen driving rapidly up to the oval, followed by three glass-carriages, the drivers all wearing white rosettes and boots with mahogany tops, as is usual on such occasions.

CHAPTER II.

The glass carriages brought some dozen additional guests to the wedding breakfast. First came Smith, the great traveller, whose dealings in Manchester goods in one year amounted to the enormous sum of seventy-five thousand pounds. Next Leoni, the celebrated Hebrew professor of fashionable dancing and calisthenics, from Osnaburg Square, commonly called by his admiring pupils "Leo the Magnificent." A beautiful quartette followed,—the Fairchilds,—three in hyperbolical crinoline, pretty, but proud; and one in glace silk, parabolical and plain. They were accompanied by Aunt Melsome, a pleasant and sensible widow, whose artificial roses intimated that she had not made up her mind never to marry again. Uncle Tiffin—neat as imported from Bombay—next presented his frilled-shirt and Mongolian visage; and being suspected of harboring a lac of pagodas (£40,000) in his iron safe, met, of course, with the cordial welcome which he so richly deserved. To wealth succeeded honor, represented by Minor Canon Fugue and his distinguished lady, whose turban of blue and silver tissue emanated (so the wicked Fanny Meadows whispered) from a sister's affection and workroom, and was the glory of her art. Lastly, Plumer, the large furnishing undertaker and best walking gentleman we have, appeared upon the scene, and gave Mr. Spicer's hand a silent squeeze with professional solemnity and gloom.

Unspeakable was the surprise and affliction of all these illustrious personages on hearing that the nuptials were postponed. The bride was overwhelmed with condolences, and Mr. Harry Lightfoot was looked upon in his recumbent attitude with feelings perhaps more of sorrow than of anger; but we are not quite sure. To be made an exhibition of, even had he been regarded with unfeigned commiseration, was not at all congenial to Mr. Lightfoot's disposition; so having sent for a cab, he announced his intention of at once returning home and going to bed. On receiving this intimation, Mr. Spicer was filled with apprehensions of danger; and being himself unable to leave his guests, most earnestly entreated his dear friend Mr. Freemantle to accompany the invalid, and not leave him till he had obtained the two hundred pounds which Mr. Spicer had so unwisely, but in accordance with the previous understanding between the parties, presented to his expectant son-in-law as part and parcel of his daughter's dowry.

With great difficulty the unfortunate lover of Zenobia was lifted into the vehicle, his foot wrapped up in an old shawl by Fanny Meadows, the bride being too much distressed, and Agnes not having nerve enough to do it. As soon as Lightfoot had comfortably seated himself and was fairly on his way, he took out his cigar case and coolly lit a Lopez, much to Mr. Freemantle's annoyance, who had made up his mind that smoking was detestable thirty years before the great tobacco controversy was agitated. It struck Mr. Freemantle that, for a man who was suffering excruciating agony, the invalid appeared remarkably easy and cheerful; indeed, Lightfoot once or twice even became jocose, observing that as soon as he had reached twenty-five he should make "old Ginger" pony up, and no mistake about that;" by which figurative mode of expression he meant to say that he should require a transfer of the ten thousand pounds stock which Mr. Spicer held as trustee under his father's will. Nor did the terrible disappointment which he had experienced in having the realization of his fondest hopes deferred, affect him so deeply as to prevent him from humming snatches of operatic airs, including the popular melodies of the "Rat-Catcher's Daughter" and "Villikins and his Dinah." In speaking of Zenobia, which he did with great freedom, he admitted, as Mr. Freemantle seemed to wish it, that she was a highly gifted woman. He did not say *girl*, feeling probably that had he done so, it would have been both low and erroneous. He, however, betrayed his insensibility to her mental charms by adding that Fanny Meadows was worth twenty of her in the "Mazourka," to which elegant saltatory exercise he had long devoted himself with wonderful success. On Mr. Freemantle remarking, that if those were his sentiments, he had acted very imprudently in offering Zenobia his hand, he indignantly denied that he had offered any thing of the sort, and alleged that "old Ginger" knew it; but by keeping him short of cash, which, as his guardian, he could easily do, he (Spicer) had as much power over him (Lightfoot) as Legree had over Uncle Tom; and concluded by wishing heartily that old Ginger was safe at the bottom of the ocean, and that Zenobia was transformed into a mermaid for the purpose of ministering to his watery wants.

To say that Mr. Freemantle was profoundly moved at this revelation of heartlessness is superfluous; how, with his fine sense of what was due to honor and Zenobia, could he be otherwise? He now clearly saw—what to any less verdant observer would have been patent an hour ago—that Lightfoot had made his simulated love of Spicer's daughter the instrument for extracting money from his guardian's coffers. Again, as Lightfoot had been guilty of hypocrisy and fraud in one case, might he not be equally culpable in another? Was he really suffering as he pretended, or was the dislocation he complained of a ruse for escaping from his responsible position as bridegroom elect? Mr. Freemantle had resolved within himself to have his doubts upon these points satisfactorily solved before he lost sight of his patient; when, on reaching Charing Cross, Mr. Lightfoot chanced to espy two University students—particular friends of his—who were smoking abridged meerschaums at the hotel there, and whom he forthwith hailed, and invited to ride home with him. This was quite too much for Mr. Freemantle. With a sickening sensation, he had borne the smoke of one; to have his *frangipanni* neutralized by the antagonistic odors of three, would have been downright madness. He made a precipitate retreat.

Determined, however, not to be baffled in his scheme of detection, Freemantle sprang into a Hansom that was passing, and directed the driver to follow the preceding vehicle, and not to lose sight of it on any account whatever. It was not long before the mystery was dissolved. Lightfoot's cab suddenly pulled up in the Haymarket, at Signor Passado's fencing-rooms, when Lightfoot *jumping out*, with a shawl, not round his ankle, but round his neck, Mr. Freemantle saw sufficient to convince him that in point of moral respectability the pseudo-lover of Zenobia was little better than a freebooter.

The intelligence of Lightfoot's duplicity rendered Mr. Spicer almost speechless. Snatching up his hat, he expressed his intention to pursue him, and give him in charge for—

"Breach of promise," suggested little Mr. Pye, who, with Captain Bangham, was the only guest remaining, except Agnes and Fanny, all the others having departed, leaving the wedding-breakfast untasted and unseen.

"Robbery, sir—robbery—two hundred pounds, sir!" was Mr. Spicer's indignant answer.

"Spicer, don't make yourself altogether ridiculous," said Captain Bangham; "let him go, and stop it out of his allowance. You are his guardian, ain't you? Well—what more do you want?"

"What more do I want?" returned Spicer, his bald head flushing, and his hair stiffening with rage—"what more, Captain Bangham? Answer me this, sir: am I not a parent? Are my feelings, are Zenobia's feelings, to be outraged, and no satisfaction given? I'll chastise him, sir, with a stick."

"You'd better not," returned Mr. Pye, with generous interference; "if he's fencing, he may run you through."

"Here," said Captain Bangham, offering Spicer his bamboo; "if you're bent upon mischief, you'd better take this; there's a sword inside it. Handle it carefully, so as not to turn the point against yourself."

Mr. Spicer had never taken such a deadly weapon in his hand before. He drew the blade reluctantly from its sheath, and turned pale as he saw it had two edges, either of them sharper than his penknife.

"Mind, mind!" said Mr. Pye, drawing back, and looking round Mr. Spicer's body; "you'll be sticking it into something. Hadn't you better wrap it up in paper? Captain Bangham, won't you go with him? I would, but my brother expects me home to dinner, and I shouldn't like to keep him waiting."

"Freemantle," said Mr. Spicer, with much emotion, as he drew on a pair of white kid gloves—sad evidence of his mental excitement—for he was not given to wasteful habits, "you will wait here till we return. Break it softly to Zenobia. I fear it will be too much for her, poor girl!"

So saying, Mr. Spicer firmly buttoned up his coat and departed, accompanied by Captain Bangham, whose discretion—whether in the field or in the foundry—was not less conspicuous than his valor.

CHAPTER III.

Agnes Homewood and her gay cousin Fanny Meadows were walking on the sunny lawn attached to Mr. Spicer's villa, their arms fondly encircling each other, like confidantes who rejoice in a community of secrets, and whose hopes and fears are posted up every evening in a mental ledger open to each member of the firm—a most delightful species of book-keeping by double-entry. How often have we sighed to relieve these beautiful accountants of some portion of their labor, and to draw out a balance sheet for them! On one occasion, we are proud to say, our confessional capabilities were acknowledged and made serviceable; nor shall we ever murmur at the remuneration which we received.

The secret conference was interrupted by a gentleman, who, descending the steps which led from the open glass doors of the drawing-room down to the garden, approached the smiling nymphs, with hat and cane in hand, after the manner of the great Simpson, for many years the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Vauxhall.

"My dear Mr. Freemantle, how delighted I am to see you!" said Agnes, in her most bewitching tones. "Do tell us how you left poor Harry."

"Oh, don't mention the scamp," cried Mr. Freemantle, playfully stopping his ears; "shocking—positively shocking!"

Agnes, with her soft, gazelle-like eyes, and Fanny Meadows, with her arch little dimples, paused and looked mysteriously at Mr. Freemantle; then, unable any longer to maintain their gravity, they gave way to a gentle fit of laughter.

"Shocking—positively shocking!" repeated Mr. Freemantle, taking his nosegay from his coat and using it as a smelling-bottle. "Never heard of such fearful depravity in my life."

"Now don't be too severe," said the lovely Agnes, coaxingly taking Mr. Freemantle's arm, while Fanny Meadows somewhat reluctantly as it seemed, walked beside them.

"To err is human," continued Agnes, "to forgive—divine."

"No, no," returned Mr. Freemantle, decisively; "we must not gild falsehood with fine phrases. My dear Miss Homewood, the ugliness of wrong cannot be hidden by a lady's veil."

"Oh, it's just like them," said Fanny Meadows, petulantly, "these acidulated old bachelors; how can there be pity where there is no love?"

"I will not say that," replied the gentle Agnes. "Mr. Freemantle does not know all—or I am sure he would be as eager to excuse as he is now willing to condemn."

"Miss Homewood," said Mr. Freemantle, with a firm but soothing expression which became him admirably, "there is no man in creation who respects a woman's candid opinion more than I do; but in this instance you must permit me to pronounce your dictum bad. It is my duty to condemn falsehood, perfidy, cruelty, wherever I meet with it, let the culprit be ever so handsome, his professions ever so fair."

The counsel for the accused were silenced. They looked as feed counsel very seldom do—as if they were rather sorry they had taken up the case.

"But," began Miss Meadows, after a long and somewhat embarrassing interval, as she picked a flower to pieces which she had just gathered, "pray what has Mr. Lightfoot done to be treated like a common criminal? I presume you know that Mr. Spicer is his guardian?"

"I do, and have no doubt that he has honestly performed the trust reposed in him."

"Honestly, no doubt," interposed Agnes. "No one ever dreamt of charging his guardian with anything improper."

"Is not meanness improper?" cried Fanny Meadows, whose earnestness in defending that *mauvais sujet* Harry Lightfoot perplexed Mr. Freemantle more and more, and led him to form all kinds of dark and terrible suspicions. "Harry," she continued, "is now four-and-twenty years of age; and instead of allowing him, as he ought to do, sufficient to maintain him like a gentleman, Mr. Spicer just gives him five or ten guineas at a time."

"So far, Miss Homewood," returned Mr. Freemantle, "as it is a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, I might overlook it; but when I consider that the feelings—the tenderest and most sacred feelings—of a woman have been wantonly trifled with by a thoughtless and, I fear, unscrupulous young man—"

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Fanny Meadows, letting go Mr. Freemantle's arm, and sinking into a bee hive-chair; "do undeceive him, Agnes, for my sake."

"Undeceive him," murmured the stockbroker; "what can she mean?"

"My dear Mr. Freemantle," said Agnes, in her softest and most persuasive manner, as they walked alone together over the close-shaven sward, "things are not so bad as you imagine. Of course you know that Harry's fall this morning was not a serious one?"

"I very much question whether he ever fell at all," returned the broker. "I believe that he placed the coal-scuttle on the stairs, and then jumped over it."

Agnes raised her lace bordered kerchief to her face to conceal—anything but her tears.

"If I never believed in clairvoyance before," she said, laughingly, "I do now."

"You admit it, then?" exclaimed Mr. Freemantle. "Dreadful! positively dreadful!—What a lucky thing it is that Zenobia has not been caught in the snares of this wily fowler."

"Well, perhaps it is," replied Agnes, with an air of hesitation, "especially when we know that her heart belongs to another."

"Another?" cried Mr. Freemantle, with growing anxiety.

Agnes looked at the Adonis of Capel Court, and gave a significant sigh.

"Another?" exclaimed Mr. Freemantle; "to whom do you allude?"

"Yourself," said Agnes, quietly.

* * * * * * * *

"Is Mr. Freemantle convinced of Harry's innocence?" inquired Fanny Meadows.—"There's a beautiful Gueldres rose, is it not?" and with provoking audacity she held it up to the bachelor's quivering lips, which were vainly striving to form themselves into the proper shape for enunciating his prodigious surprise.

"Here comes Zenobia," said Agnes; "we'll leave you together;" and taking her cousin's hand, the girls ran into the little Swiss summer-house, where they could see every thing and not be seen themselves.

Turning towards the veranda of the house, Mr. Freemantle beheld the imposing figure of Zenobia arrayed in simple muslin, and looking, with her large, dark, romantic eyes, pale brow, and raven tresses, like Cruvelli in the last act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

On seeing the admired of all circles and the idol of *his own*, Zenobia *falteringly* advanced, and sank upon his shoulder with an inarticulate expression of tenderness not to be described by our reverential pen.

While Mr. Freemantle was seeking to re-assure her with honeyed words and whispered promises, papa, followed by Captain Bangham and little Pye, appeared at the drawing-room window, the captain bearing his naked sword, but, we rejoice to add, with no crimson stain upon its virgin blade.

"'All's well that ends well,' isn't it, ladies?" cried little Mr. Pye, addressing Agnes and Fanny as they came from the Swiss cottage, where Freemantle and Zenobia had now blushingly withdrawn. "We've got the money back; and the marriage settlement is to be torn up, if it can be torn; but being parchment, I don't see how it can."

"And Harry Lightfoot," cried Fanny Meadows; "where is he?"

"Oh, he's safe enough," returned little Pye; "we left him in Newgate."

Poor Fanny, pale as death, fell back into the bee-hive chair, and was seized with a violent fit of hysterics. After some time, when Agnes and Zenobia, the latter now perfectly composed, had loosened her scarf, and the servants had bathed her temples, she came to; and then, according to custom "from time immemorial, whereof the memory of the man runneth not to the contrary," Agnes fell into little Mr. Pye's arms, and had an attack somewhat more gentle and tearful, but similar in kind to that of her less sensitive companion.

"What a horrid state of things this is!" remarked Captain Bangham, putting his sword-stick under his arm, and assuming a warlike attitude. "I suppose it will be your turn next, Pye. Why did you mention Newgate?"

"Well, but I was going to say," replied the unsophisticated little patentee of the self-supporting baby's sock, "that we left him in Newgate, where he had gone along with his governor, to whom he's articled, to see a gentleman client who had been committed for dock warrants; but Miss Meadows wouldn't wait—she must go off before I could get my words out of my mouth: it's so silly. Oh, t'other one's coming round;" and, with a smile of celestial sweetness, Agnes opened her soft gazelle-like eyes.

On further inquiry, Mr. Freemantle had no reason to doubt what Fanny Meadows had hinted to be the fact, that Spicer had endeavored to bring about a marriage between Zenobia and his ward from motives which can be less easily defended than understood. Certain it is, that between Harry and Zenobia there was neither that union of sentiment which is strength, nor that knowledge of each other which is power. Zenobia, a romantic but prudent girl, listened to her father's reasonings, and could not deny that by accepting his ward for her husband she released him from much anxiety and some pecuniary peril. Lightfoot was not the ideal lover of her girlish dreams; he had neither the delicacy, the tenderness, nor the eloquence of Mr. Freemantle. She desired one to kneel at her feet, and drink inspiration from her eyes. Could a volatile, waltzing young lawyer like Harry Lightfoot do that? Impossible. We must explain, in justice to Miss Spicer, that until the morning of the wedding she was quite ignorant of the attachment existing between Lightfoot and Fanny Meadows. The result of this combination of affairs was a conspiracy of all parties against Mr. Spicer, and the premeditated fall of Harry Lightfoot down stairs as an excuse for breaking off the match.

To be admired by Zenobia Spicer—indeed, to be admired by any handsome woman—Mr. Archibald Freemantle felt was bliss indeed. As a broker and a man of fashion, he was a connecting link between the Stock Exchange and Almack's—but what is a link, however splendidly it may be gilt, unless it forms part of Hymen's endless chain? In their sympathies and their antipathies Zenobia and Archibald resembled a certain mathematical figure: their sides were equal, and their angles were equal to one another. Zenobia, with her lofty utterances, was the spirit of romantic poetry; in Archibald, with his touches of rouge, the sister art of painting recognized her most devoted spo.

The nuptials of Mr. Freemantle and Miss Spicer were celebrated with great splendor; and the wedding-breakfast, supplied by Gunter, was *recherche* enough to provoke both comment and envy. Twelve months after that event, Lieutenant Shipton, R. N., led to the altar Agnes, the only daughter of Walter Homewood, Esq., of Homewood Park; and at the same time her cousin Frances Meadows gave her hand—her heart had been forwarded for delivery long before—to Mr. Harry Lightfoot, recently admitted to be one of the most active solicitors of the High Court of Chancery. On the previous day Mr. Spicer transferred to his late ward the sum of £750, part of £10,000 bequeathed to him by his father's will, and gave a humble apology and a bond for the balance. Let us hope that no guardian will ever again be prompted to resort to the painful expedients of a Spicer, and that such little incisions of trust as those which we have described will be met with, not in our common experience, but only in the "romance of yesterday."

A. A

WHEN THAT NOTE WAS DUE.

A man in Boston (of course) was sorely persecuted by an avaricious business acquaintance, to pacify whom he was obliged to "settle;" and not wishing to pay over a few hundred in cash, he drew up a note obligating himself to discharge the account after a specified date of time. The creditor, who was noted for his "sticking principle," was not, in justice, really entitled to the money; but when thirty days after date expired, he anxiously presented the note for payment. The debtor, instead of meeting it, replied,

"The note is not yet due, sir."

"But it is, though. It reads 'Thirty days after date, I promise to pay so and so,' and thirty-one days have elapsed since the date thereof; and so—"

"I don't care if thirty-one years have elapsed since the date of the note, I shall contend for its immaturity," answered the debtor, interrupting the not very good-humored noteholder, who soon made his exit, slamming the street door after him, muttering incoherently about law, judgment, executions, etc.

In a few days both parties were before a magistrate, who, on concluding the investigation, proclaimed that he must certainly award judgment against the debtor for the full amount of the note, and the cost of the prosecution besides.

"And what then?" inquired the defendant of the judge.

"I shall issue an 'execution,' if the plaintiff desires," returned his honor.

"To be sure—I want one immediately," bawled the plaintiff, whose countenance revealed his determination to allow no mercy, as he urged his way as near the judge as possible.

"You are resolved upon judgment and execution?" demanded the defendant.

"I am," replied the judge, taking up his pen to record the same.

"To be sure we are," coincided the plaintiff, with a chuckle.

"I presume your honor can *spell* correctly?" said the defendant, as he picked up his hat, and set it further upon the table before him.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the judge, choking with rage.

"Will you oblige me by carefully spelling and reading the first line in that valuable document?" urged the defendant, disregarding the anger of the magistrate, and directing his attention to the note that lay before him.

The judge looked at the note and then at the defendant, but probably thinking it was best to take it coolly, proceeded to do as requested, and read aloud, in a very lucid style:

"Thirty days after date I prom—"

"Stop!" shouted the defendant, "you don't read it right."

"I do," was the judge's response.

"You don't!" returned the defendant; "I thought you couldn't spell."

The judge was now boiling over with rage, and smote the desk before him so violently with his clenched hand, as to cause those who stood about him, including the expectant plaintiff, to retreat a few paces in double-quick time.

"Keep your temper, judge, or we shall be obliged to have the case transferred to another court, where the magistrate understands the art and mystery of spelling words of one syllable, and doesn't make a fool of himself by kicking up a row and smashing office furniture. There, you may keep your seat, and tell those present what the first line of that note says," said the defendant, with a coolness that surprised the audience and puzzled the judge.

Having again glanced at the document, and appearing to detect something that had, until that moment, escaped his perception, the judge proceeded to read:—

"Thirty days after *death*, I promise to pay—"

"Right!" exclaimed the defendant; "you can spell, I see."

"This note is not due, gentlemen, until thirty days after *death*," proclaimed the magistrate; "the case is accordingly dismissed, and the court adjourned until to-morrow morning."

"What!" exclaimed the plaintiff; "am I thus fooled? Villain!"

The unexpected and indicrous conclusion of the suit threw the whole assembly, save the unlucky plaintiff, into an uproarious fit of merriment, which having subsided, they separated and dispersed. The note is not due yet.

WINE REVENGE.—France (says the Moniteur Vincole) contains about 5,000,000 acres of vineyards, which are estimated to yield about 80,000,000 barrels of wine annually, or about two barrels for each inhabitant; the aggregate worth of this vintage is about $600,000,000. It should be borne in mind that the greater portion of this immense product is consumed by the French people.

☞ Rev. Mr. ———, while attending a meeting in this vicinity some time since, called upon a brother not remarkably gifted, to make a prayer. He being a member of an entirely different school of theology, besides, it excited some talk, and ——— was asked how he came to invite him. "Why," replied he, "I thought if it didn't please Heaven, it might please him; so I asked him."

TO A LADY.

Believe me, if all those voluminous charms,
Which thy fondness for fashion betray,
And keep e'en thy nearest relations at arm's
Distance—some paces away:
Were those air-tubes now blown up—exploded outright,
And those hoops trundled off thee as well,
With less ample a skirt thou would'st look less a fright,
And more belle-like when less like a bell.

'Tis not by mere Swells taste in dressing is shown,
And that size is not beauty 'tis clear;
Nay, the shapeliest forms when balloon-like outblown,
Both distorted and ugly appear.
Then heed not what fashions *la Follet*, may set,
Be enslaved by no follies like those;
For be sure that your dresses, the wider they get,
The more narrow the mind they disclose.

—*London Punch.*

THE MOTH.

The moth is a pretty, yet formidable enemy in a house. In all woollen manufactures, blankets, flannels, moreen curtains, carpets, as well as in furs, and amidst feathers, it seeks to form its nest and to deposit its eggs; whence in the spring of the year issue the larvæ which from such substances derive nourishment. In this stage of the insect's existence the ruin takes place of the fabrics upon which it feeds. This is visible in the innumerable small circular holes through which it has eaten, and which, destroying the strength and tenacity of the material render it worthless.

Many persons suppose that moths are produced in clothes that are laid by, merely by their being shut up in closed places; but this is an error. None of the little larvæ or caterpillars of the moth, that really do the mischief, ever appear among clothes or articles of any kind, provided none of the winged moths can have access to them to lay their eggs there, for no insects can be engendered otherwise than by the usual method of propagation. The winged moth, that flies about in the dark, does not, cannot, eat or destroy cloth of any kind; but lays its eggs in woollen articles, upon which alone nature dictates to her that her young must feed. These eggs, in time, produce little caterpillars, and it is they that eat holes in and destroy clothes, &c. After a time these caterpillars assume the pupa state, out of which burst forth the winged insect, to proceed, as before described, in laying eggs. From this account it is easy to see that, provided you can prevent the winged moth from having access to what you wish to preserve, no injury by moths can happen to them. For instance, if you tie up any article that is quite free from moths in a bag of linen, cotton, or paper, no winged moth can enter the bag to lay its eggs, and therefore the bag will be a perfect security. But it is to be observed the winged animal is very cunning, or rather instinct impels it to search with great care for suitable places to lay its eggs; and, therefore, simply putting things into drawers, however tight, or covering them over with paper, will not be sufficient; if there are chinks by which the winged animal can insinuate itself, such places will not be safe from moths.

Nature has likewise given the instinct to moths, not to lay their eggs in places liable to be often disturbed; therefore, if you shake any articles very frequently, it is not likely that moths will deposit their eggs there; and if not, there can be no caterpillars to do mischief.—These facts being clearly understood, the means of guarding against these destructive insects will be comparatively easy. Should any articles of wool appear to be attacked by moth, beating and brushing should be resorted to, and, if possible, they shou'd be put into hot water to destroy the young larvæ. It sometimes happens that on discovering the winged moth in some places, they are driven out to fly about, when they resort to some other part of the house, where they will be more safe.—This must, if possible, be prevented; otherwise they will continue to propagate somewhere, and the breed will be kept up. Even if driven out of the house, they have been known to enter again at the windows.—*Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy.*

ARTESIAN WELLS IN THE DESERT.—The French papers have interesting accounts of newly-bored artesian wells in the Sahara Desert, Algiers. They are six in number, and some of them are 275 feet deep. The appearance of the water in each case produced the greatest excitement among the desert tribes. Their joy over the first well was unbounded, and news of the event spread towards the south with unexampled rapidity. People came from long distances in order to see the miracle. The Marabouts, with great solemnity, consecrated the newly-created well, and gave it the name of "the well of peace." At another place, as soon as the rejoicing outcries of the soldiers had announced the rushing forth of the water, the natives drew near in crowds, plunged themselves into the blessed waves, and the mothers bathed their children therein. The names immediately applied by the people, such as "the well of bliss" and "the well of gratitude," sufficiently attest their feelings. It is said that these wells will work an important part in a social revolution of the tribes in their neighborhood. Having been obliged, like their ancestors, to wander from place to place as the desert springs dried up, they will now remain around the constantly flowing wells, cultivate the land, and take the first steps towards civilization.

THE BIBLE QUOTED AS A SPANISH LEGEND.—A leading editorial article in the Detroit Daily Advertiser, begins thus:

"*Art Thou in Health, Brother?*"—Somewhere in Spanish literature there occurs a story of an assassin, who seizing his victim affectionately with his left hand, plunged a dagger into his vitals with his right, exclaiming as he did it, "Art thou in health, Brother?"

This, instead of being a quotation from the Spanish, is (as we hope all our readers know,) from the Scriptures. In the Second Book of Samuel, 20th chapter, 9th and 10th verses, we read as follows:

"And Joab said to Amasa, art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him.

"But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again, and he died."

WHAT NEXT?

Mrs. Newton Crosland, in her book called "Light in the Valley," gives the following marvellous statement:—"One of the most highly-developed mediums with whom I am privileged to be acquainted, frequently emits from her person, and especially from the ends of her fingers, the most delicious scent of roses. The phenomenon generally occurs suddenly, and at periods of great exhaustion of the psychical fluid, consequent on powerful spiritual manifestations having taken place; and occasionally it is followed by the odor of sweet briar. To the facts I am now narrating, at least a score of credible witnesses are ready to bear testimony; and their evidence would, of course, remind the reader of some traditions associated with the names of certain saints, of the truth of which we are too apt, it may be, altogether to doubt. Nor is the medium to whom I more particularly allude the only one I have to mention as being thus singularly gifted. A child medium, a little girl whose mediumship is now developing, emits the rose odor; and we have been informed that this emission of flower scents is about to be strikingly developed as a token and result of certain capacities of mediumship. Indeed, our spirit friends have instructed us that every human being so far represents a trinity of flowers as to have three flowers belonging to him, the scents of which are capable, under certain circumstances, of becoming apparent to the physical sense. The three odors correspond to the outer, the inner, and the innermost of our beings; the outer manifesting itself by far the more readily. It is a singular circumstance that the medium in whom the rose and sweet briar odors are so palpable, has herself been able, in numerous instances, to distinguish the spirit-flower odors of other mediums, though imperceptible to their friends in general; such, for instance, as the scent of magnolia, violet, mignonette, and scabious, the fact of her really having done so not resting merely on her assertion, but having been, in several instances confirmed by spirit messages. Perhaps it is not quite out of place to remark, that the rose appears to be peculiarly associated with symbolic spirit teaching—as if its heart shaped petals, its love color, and its spherical form, were replete with subtle meanings."

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.—"When New England was first planted, the settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is necessarily the case when a civilized people attempt to establish themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation, and discourses on the subject of their difficulties, kept their minds gloomy and discontented, and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to the land which persecution had determined them to abandon.

"At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer, of plain sense, rose and remarked, that the inconveniences they had suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as might have been expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labors, and to furnish liberally for their sustenance; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate wholesome; above all, they were in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious. He, therefore, thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending to make them more contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a thanksgiving. His advice was taken; and, from that day to this, they have in every year observed circumstances of public happiness sufficient to furnish employment for a thanksgiving day."

"HIFALUTIN."—The great danseuse, Lamoreaux, of the Ronzani ballet troupe, furnishes the New York journals with a novel theme, in the way of criticism. One of them, speaking of the lady, says:

"In *battiments* she does very little; but her *aplomb* is very striking; and her *poses* are finely conceived, taken with sureness and held with firmness. In these she shows more *abandon* than in rapid movements."

"Battiments" is good, although "aplomb" must be rather more satisfactory. Whether the readers of the papers coincide with the critic can only be conjectured. We rather think the Western style of criticism better adapted to convey a true idea of Lamoreaux's powers, and should like to hear the opinion, by way of contrast, of an editor in Indiana, who went to hear Jenny Lind. He said, "Her powers displayed themselves *in sustenuto* to a wonderful degree, but when she got down to the crupper notes, we caved with admiration." We should like to see what headway this critic would make in dealing with Lamoreaux.—*North American.*

LORD BYRON'S MAID OF ATHENS.—A gentleman, Mr. Black, who was a first-class interpreter, was introduced to me by the purveyor-in-chief, and appointed to assist me in any way I might require his aid. He spoke French fluently; also the Turkish, Greek, and American languages. This rendered him invaluable to me. And what was more remarkable still, he was the husband of the celebrated Maid of Athens, whose company I had the pleasure of enjoying several times; and, although this interesting personage is now in her tenth lustre, some remains of the eulogy of the great Byron seem still engraved on the physiognomy of the once celebrated Greek beauty; and she informed me that when Lord Byron wrote his poem on her, she was but ten years of age, he at the time residing opposite the house of her parents at Athens.—*Soyer's Crimean Campaign.*

☞ At the time the cholera was so bad in Prague, Dr. R——— was called out suddenly to see a patient. At the time he entered the sick room the family physician did the same. The two doctors found their patient in a strong perspiration, and put both their hands under the bed-clothes, in order to feel his pulse—but, by accident, got hold of each other's—"He has the cholera!" cried Dr. X———. "No such thing," said the other; "he's only drunk!"

WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—John G. Holland, editor of the Springfield Republican, has been rusticating in Vermont, looking around among the farmers, and writes to that sheet as follows:

Imagine your correspondent imagining the life he might have led (and came very near leading, for that matter), among the hills as a farmer. He would have grown up stalwart and strong, with horny hands, and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters (as he did), worked on the farm summers, and gone out haying for fifteen days in July at a dollar a day, and taken for pay the iron work and running gear of a wagon. At two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attentions to a girl with a father worth two thousand dollars, and a spit curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing-school, and "sat in the seat," and sang without opening her mouth—a darnation pretty girl any way. It would have been a strife between him and Tom Butts to see who should have her. Well, after seeing her home from singing school for two seasons (Tom Butts being triumphantly "cut out,") and taking her to the Fourth of July, and getting about a hundred dollars together, he would have married her and settled down. Years would pass away, and that girl with the spit curl would have had eleven children, just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls. We should have had a hard time bringing them up, but they would soon be able enough to do the milking, and help their mother washing days, and I, getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, should be elected a member of the Legislature, having been assessor and school committee for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and the Springfield Republican in my hands, (weekly,) I should sit and look over the Brighton market, through a pair of gold mounted spectacles, and wonder what you put such a strange, silly letter as this in the paper for. Ah, well! There are worse lives than that led by those who despise them.

THE BANKING SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.—In Great Britain and Ireland, where the making of metallic money is strictly held as a great prerogative of the Crown, if the bankers want permission to manufacture paper money, *they must pay for it.* Every bank of issue in the United Kingdom is compelled to have a Government stamp impressed upon each note it issues, and the lower the denomination or nominal value of the note, the greater, in proportion, is the tax.

In England, under Peel's Banking Act of 1826, the Bank of England was prohibited from issuing notes for a less amount than $25, and it was proposed that this restriction should extend to Scotland as well as to England. Mainly through the strong representations of Sir Walter Scott, who published "The Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" in defence of the Scottish small-note system, the measure was dropped as regarded Scotland, where (as also in Ireland) bank notes for as low a sum as $5 continue to be issued.

If we recollect rightly, the price of a stamp upon each $5 note in Scotland and Ireland is eight cents. Upon $25 notes, issued by English private joint stock banks, the stamp (or tax) is twenty-four cents, or thereabouts. Curiously enough, it has been ascertained that the annual gain accruing to the banks from the loss of notes issued by them, considerably more than covers what they are compelled to disburse for the stamp or tax upon their whole issue.

The Bank of England, which has an average circulation at all times, pays an annual sum, in a lump, in commutation of the tax upon its notes. Thus, not one bank note is issued in Great Britain or Ireland without paying something to the national revenue.—*Press.*

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"I like to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up, and replaced the bonnet in the long preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony, a very solemn thing, where the minister comes into the chancery, with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It should be husband and wife. It isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'With my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it meant only one calico dress a-year!"

☞ An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he should go where all the lawyers went."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 303 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '82	—	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" " 5 " '25	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	79	73½
" " new	92	93
" " 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy city 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
Alle co RR 6's	—	—
Penn		
" 5 "	80½	80¾
" " coupon	82	83
Tenn 6 pr ct	68	70
" 5 " coupon	73	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	93	—
Penn RR 6 pr ct	85	90
2d m't loan '55	70	72
P & Am RR 6 pr ct	60	64
P G & N RR "	87	90
Reading RR "	62½	63
" " m't "	72	73
H & Lan RR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	—	—
Tioga RR "	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal "	80	81
" RR 6 pr ct	—	—
Long I RR "	—	—
Sch Nav '82 "	50½	51
Lehigh Nav "	80½	81
" Mort "	89	90
C & D C "	—	—
Sus & Tid '72 "	47	50
Union Canal	31	32
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m't 7 pr ct	55	60
2d " 7 pr ct	—	50
Catawissa "	35	40
North Penns 6 pr ct	45½	46½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	82	83
Penna	94½	95
Ben Meadow	44½	46½
North Penns	71	72
Phil Ger & Nor	50½	52
Reading	15	15½
Minehill	52½	54
Har & Lan	45½	46
Chester Val	—	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	18	20
Long Island	8	8½
Wil'sport & Elmira	—	—
Cattawissa	—	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	7½	10
" preferred	13½	15
Lehigh Nav	44½	45½
Morris consolidated	21	23
" preferred	75	80
C & Del	—	—
Union	3	3½
Sus & Tidewater	—	—
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	—	—
Penna	10	15
Phila	—	100
Far & Mec	50	52
Commercial	—	38
N Liberty	—	60
Mechanics	15½	25
Southwark	—	80
P Township	—	—
Kensington	—	—
Girard	6½	7
Western	—	—
Man & Mech	—	—
Commerce	—	—
Tradesman's	—	—
City	—	60
Consolidation	—	—
Commonwealth	—	—
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	—	—
Ex'ge Pitts	—	—
Kentucky	—	100
Northern, Ky	—	104
Louisville, Ky.	—	—
Farmers, Ky.	—	100
Union, Nash Tenn	—	95
Plant's, Tenn.	—	100
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	108	112

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been a decided improvement in the Flour market since our last notice—the demand having increased both for export and home consumption. The sales for shipment comprise 800 bbls at $5.25@5.37½ ₩ bbl for superfine, and hold firmly at the latter rate; $5.37½@5.50 for extra, $6@6.25 for extra family. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations. The market has been nearly bare of Rye Flour, and it is wanted at $4.25. Corn Meal has been very dull. 300 bbls Penna, it is reported, were disposed of at $3.62½ ₩ bbl, at which it is freely offered.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been quite small. There has been a good demand for milling, and prices have again advanced 2@4¢ bush. Sales of 25,000 bush Southern, Penna and Tennessee at $1.60@1.68 for inferior and prime red, chiefly at $1.65 for the latter description, and from $1.80@1.85 for white. There has been very little Rye coming forward, and it is in limited request at 72c for Delaware, and 75c for Penna. Corn has been coming forward more freely, and the demand having fallen off, prices declined 4¢ bush. Sales of 14,000 bush old yellow, chiefly at 70c, afloat; a small lot of white at the same figure, and 1,000 bush new yellow at 6.85c, closing at our lowest figure. Oats have been in limited demand, and prices have again declined. Sales of 10,000 bush at 38@39c ₩ bush for Southern, and 39c@40c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—Have been quiet, the stocks of all descriptions being about exhausted, and there being no disposition to purchase, except for the supply of the most necessitous wants. Small sales of Mess Pork at $22.50@23 cash, and Prime at $20 ₩ bbl. Beef sells in lots, for ships' stores at our former quotations. Bacon—But very little offering and but little demand. Sales of Hams at 14@15c for plain and bagged; Sides at 15@15½c and Shoulders at 12½@13c ₩ lb, cash. Lard—The demand has been limited at last week's quotations. Small sales of kettle and barrel at 14@15c, and kegs at 15½@16c ₩ lb, cash. Butter continues dull at the decline noted last week. Sales of solid packed at 11@12c, and Roll at 14@16c ₩ lb cash.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark is fair, but the stock is much reduced, and prices remain without change. Sales of 20 hhds No 1 at $30 ₩ ton. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of good Yellow at 26c ₩ lb cash.

CANDLES—There is but little inquiry for any description, and the only sales reported are small lots of Adamantine at 21@22c ₩ lb. cash and on time.

COAL—Continues extremely dull—there being very little inquiry for shipment, and the demand for home consumption being of a very restricted character. The receipts from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines are decreasing, but are still in excess of the demand, there being no disposition to realize except for cash. The cargo prices are entirely nominal. Bituminous Coal is very dull.

COFFEE—But little doing. There have been no arrivals since our last notice, and the market has been quiet—the only sales reported are 200 bags Rio at 10½@11c ₩ lb; a small Lot of Laguayra at a price kept secret, and 1000 bags Rio by auction, at 10@10½c 3m and 60 days.

COPPER—Few small lots of Yellow Metal were disposed of at 22c ₩ lb, 6 mos, but English Sheathing is not wanted.

COTTON—Cash being now the only terms upon which the trade desire to operate, there has been little or no demand, and there is but little stock left to operate in. Only about 150 bales Upland were disposed of from 12¼ to 15c ₩ lb, cash.

DRUGS AND DYES—Very little doing. Among the sales were some Soda Ash at 3c@3½c; Bleaching Powders at 2½c; Sweet's Refined Saltpetre at 12@13c; and 200c lbs White Sugar of Lead, on terms kept secret.

FEATHERS—There is not many offering, and but little demand for them. Small sales of good Western at 50@55c ₩ lb.

FISH—Mackerel continues to come forward slowly, and are very dull. The only sales reported are in a small way from store, at $13@13.25 ₩ bbl for medium No. 1's, which is a further decline; $12@12.25 for No. 2's, and $8.50@8.75 for small and large No. 3's. Of large No. 1's there are but few offering. In Codfish and Herring the transactions have been unimportant.

FRUIT—There are no supplies of Foreign here to operate in. A few Lemons brought $4 ₩ box. Most descriptions of Domestic Fruit are abundant, and meet a fair inquiry. Green Apples range from $1.50 to $4 ₩ bbl, as in quality. The season for Peaches is over. Cranberries of good quality are selling from $8 to $8.50 ₩ bbl. Chestnuts are selling at $2.50 ₩ bag.

GINSENG—Prices continue entirely nominal for both Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—The demand has about ceased, but the stocks of all kinds, as well as that of Super Phosphate of Lime, are very much reduced, and we continue our former quotations.

HEMP—There is very little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There have been no sales since our last report. An import of Laguayra remain unsold.

HOPS—Are but little inquired after, and prices are drooping for the new crop, while the old are entirely neglected. Small sales of the former at 9@10c ₩ lb.

INDIGO—Is held with much firmness, but there has been nothing doing.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues extremely dull, and transactions for cash could not be effected at anything like recent quotations. The foundries have nearly all ceased operations, and some parties are annulling contracts made early in the season, while others are exchanging iron already delivered, for paper not yet matured. Limited sales of Bar and Boiler Iron are making at our quotation.

LEAD—Is not inquired after. Holders nominally ask 6½c ₩ lb, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a steady inquiry, and we continue our quotations for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter.

LUMBER—The sales have been unimportant. There is no demand for any description, and prices are about nominal for all kinds.

MOLASSES—Has been but little inquired after, and the only sales reported are some Sugar House at 24c, and 60 hhds Cuba, by auction, at 31c@31½c, on short time.

NAVAL STORES—Very little doing. A small sale of Common Rosin was made at $1.80 ₩ bbl, cash. Prices of Tar and Pitch continue as last quoted. Spirits of Turpentine has been in limited request, but prices are unchanged. Small sales at 45c, cash.

OILS—The transactions in Fish Oils have been of a very limited character. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 62½@63c cash. Sperm Oil meets a very limited demand. Small sales of No 1 Winter at $1.45, 4 mos. 150 bbls Red Oil sold on private terms.

PLASTER—There has been nothing doing in this article, and prices are nominal.

RICE—There has been very little inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots, at 4½c@5c, ₩ lb, on time.

SALT—No arrivals or sales have come under our notice this week.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed coming forward, and prime lots are taken on arrival at $4.50@4.75 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy and Flaxseed are dull. Sales of the former at $3, and the latter at $1.40 ₩ bus.

SPICES—Are very quiet. Among the sales we notice 20 cases Nutmegs, by auction, at 53c, and 100 bags Pimento at 8c ₩ lb.

SPIRITS—There has been very little inquiry for other Brandy or Gin, but we continue our former quotations. N E Rum is selling at 42@50c. Whiskey has been in steady demand. Sales of 500 Eastern and Ohio bbls at 21½@22c; Prison do at 22½c; bbls at 24c, and 100 Drudge at 20c. A number of the distillers in this vicinity have ceased operations.

SUGAR—There has been rather more inquiry, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 7¼c, on time.

The following are the Philadelphia Steam Sugar Refiner's prices:—Crushed 10c ₩ lb; Coarse Pulverized 9½c do; Pulverized 9¼ do; Double Loaf 11½ do; A White 10½ do; C Yellow 9¼ do; [C] Yellow 9 do, cash.

TALLOW—Is firmer. Sales of Country and City Rendered at 8½@9c, cash.

TEAS—The demand has been limited, but prices are well maintained.

TOBACCO—The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been only in a small way, without change in prices.

WINES—There has been nothing doing.

WOOL—Continues extremely quiet, and prices are nominal for all descriptions.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	16@18	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	8@16
Sirloin steak	16@20	Breast and Neck	6@8
Rump do	12½@16	Young Lamb, whole	$5.00
Chuck pieces	8@12½	Whole carcase	8@9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6@10	Fore quarter ₩ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	62½@75	Hind do	11
Leg, cook,	31½@37½	Chp	12½
Skin	25@30	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8@12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₩ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₩ lb	16@20	Young Pigs	$1.25@1.50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12@14
Fore quarter	75@87½	Feet, ₩ set	12½@31
Hind do	1.00@1.12½	Tripe, ₩ lb	4@6
Chop ₩ lb	16@25	Lard do	13@15
Calves Head, each	25@31	Sausa. sliced	12½@16
		Bologna Sausage	16@20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25@30	Corn potatoes bu	60@75
do hf pk	12½@16	Sweet do bkt	37½@40
Beets bunch	4@5	do hf pk	14@16
Cabbage bbl	87½@1.12½	Onions bus	—@1.50
do h'd	3@10	Carrots doz	.12
Salad head	1@5	Tomat's per hf peck	6@8
Sw't Potatoes ₩ bus	$1.25@1.75	do per basket	50@62
do do ₩ lb	6@8	Corn per dozen	10@12
		Egg Plants, each,	3@10

NEWS ITEMS.

LETTERS from India confidently predict that the next mail will bring news of the capture of Delhi. The mutineers at that place are represented as nearly worn out, and carts full of people were being sent away from the city.

AT HAMBURG, on the 15th ultimo, the rate of discount was advanced to 9 per cent., the financial crisis at New York being severely felt there. Several additional failures are announced, but none of very great magnitude.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says:—"I understand that President Buchanan has addressed to all American ministers at foreign courts a confidential circular, in which he declares that the principles of international law, as regards neutrals, shall be respected by his Government, and that any expedition from the United States against countries with which they are at peace shall be prevented by all legal means."

MR. TEN BROECK had won another race (the Bedford stakes,) at Newmarket with his horse Belle Ile was unanimously elected a member of the new rooms, Newmarket.

A CIRCULAR had been issued from the British Colonial Office to the Governors of the various colonies, calling on them to look to the defence of their provinces, and "not to neglect that reasonable amount of warlike preparation which it is desirable should be everywhere maintained."

A REPORT was current that the cholera had made its appearance in the village of Stratford, near London, and that within a few days seventeen cases had occurred, and seven deaths.

IT is proposed in Illinois to amend the law of marriage, so as to require that the prospective husband and wife, on any given day, enter in the office of any officer legally empowered to do such a duty, a written declaration of intention to become man and wife. From that day, for one year, let them associate as lovers, or break the engagement if they choose; then, at the end of the year, if they again express their determination to become husband and wife, let the contract be sealed.

ACCORDING to a statement recently published, one of the Rhode Island Banks had a circulation of $380,702, and only *seven dollars* in specie. It may be able to pay dollar for dollar at that.

COST OF VISITING EUROPE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Post* says:—During my last visit to Europe, I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, northern Italy, and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I have sometimes asked my questioner to "guess" the amount. The sum named has been usually $3,000 or $2,500. It was about one-fifth the latter sum—to wit five hundred—and the very same scenes can be visited now for one-half that sum, and travel respectably.

THE Mark Lane Express, a good authority for such matters, calculates that in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, which is too well established to admit of a doubt, England will need to import wheat and flour to the amount of 1,000,000 quarters—of which one third will be from the United States. The average importation from the United States and Canada during six years from 1851 to 1856 was 1,315,611 quarters.

IN FRANCE, the alarm created by the potato rot has led the Government of that country to prohibit the export of grain until September, 1858. The extent, indeed, to which that root is cultivated there (from 2½ to 2 million acres) renders the loss a serious national calamity, as it forms the chief food of the peasantry—as was the case in Ireland previous to the famine.

THE Boston Courier says that "a healthy business in this country will authorize an occasional transaction at 12 per cent., or frequent ones at 9 per cent. interest, but no higher rates." It gives this as the opinion of an experience money-lender.

THE Milwaukie Sentinel estimates the wheat crop of Wisconsin at 18,000,000 of bushels for 1857. Increase of near six millions over 1856.

THE decrease of grain shipments from Chicago from January to October 17, 1857, as compared with 1856, is about five millions of bushels, and this likely to be the deficit of the year.

CORN is offered at twenty-three cents a bushel by the farmers along the Wabash Valley, deliverable at their own expense in Vincennes, Indiana.

WASHINGTON, October 28.—The Commissioner of Patents has tendered to Robert Fortune, of England, the agency for the introduction and cultivation of the tea plant and other productions of China this country. The selection of this gentleman is flattering to his experience in such matters.

THE steamship Persia, from England, brought two million of dollars in specie to New York last week—a fact upon the market was brightening.

PURCHASES of American stocks by English capitalists continue on a large scale, and this circumstance constitutes at the present moment a material addition to the adverse course of our relations with the country.—*English Paper.*

The following New England banks are reported to pay specie on their bills:—The New London Bank of New London; Connecticut River, at Hartford; Middletown and Central, at Middletown; Iron Bank, Salisbury; the Martha's Vineyard Bank, and the Pacific Bank, at Nantucket.

The Rhode Island, the Spragues, large manufacturers, intend to close their mills, but will support all of their employees who are dependent upon for their living.

AWFORD, the sculptor, died, in London, on the 10th of October. He was a native of New York; but resided in Rome for over twenty years, in the execution of his art. He has left behind many specimens of his genius and skill.

The hog crop in Kentucky, for this year, is 1,500,000; for last year it was 1,100,185, showing an increase this year of 316,404.

WIRE MANUFACTORY.—From the weaving-room of the Ward Mills at Indian Orchard, Mass., in an average of 80 persons is employed, 127 girls have been married within two years.

SHREWD CALCULATION.—About fifty persons, male and female, French Canadians, who were out of employment by the stoppage of a cotton factory at Putnam, Conn., were last week sent home to Canada by the authorities of Putnam. The town found it cheaper to pay their passage home than to support them during the winter.

ATHIANS with the Sepoys seem scarce indeed, as, if we can believe late English papers, the numbers are volunteering for service in India, and the Roscommon militia quite recently requested their commanding officer, Col. Caulfield, to forward to the War Department their offer to volunteer in any way for India.

LORD CONTRACTION.—We learn from the Chicago Tribune, that that paper and three others of the leading Chicago dailies, the Journal, Press and Herald, are talking seriously of reducing their size one column each during the winter, as advertising is very light, and the publishers are not disposed to provide a larger space for advertisers than they can fill.

MAN died recently in Alabama from the effects of his toe growing into the flesh. The trouble is technically called "phlebitis."

LAWYER in the interior of Kentucky recently declined paying his merchant for his bill of goods on the ground that the trader might suspend and keep the money out of circulation.

WAR IN TENNESSEE.—Gov. Johnson, in his message to the Legislature of the above named State, recommends the winding up all the banks in the State, which he says they have their origin in *error*, and is ruin and fraud. He wishes to return to a specie system.

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.—The "European Register of Suicide," recently published in France from which, show that England is no longer at the head of the dreary poll. The French author proves that once is highest in the scale, and Russia lowest. Thus we have one suicide in 8,250 people. Paris one in 2,221. For the whole English population the ratio does not reckon one in 15,900; France, one in 4,000. The north of France is the most prolific in suicides, that district yielding nearly half of the whole entire empire.

OFFICIAL returns from forty-six counties in Iowa have been received. Lowe, the Republican candidate, is successful by 2,237 majority.

AMONG the ladies of the Emperor Morocco's seraglio are two French women, who were taken prisoners by Abd-el-Kader, and presented by him to the Emperor. The French Government offered to ransom them, but they preferred to remain in the seraglio.

THE race for the Great Czarawitch Hand-cup, at New Market, resulted in the triumph of Mr Ten Broeck's "Prioress." The success of the American horse was received with great cheering, and she immediately became the first favorite in the betting for the Cambridgeshire stakes, to be run for at Newmarket, on the 27th of October. Before the race one hundred to one was laid against Prioress. The American horse Lecomte, died from an attack of cholic. Pryor had been stricken out of all his engagements for the present year.

THE DUBUQUE Tribune records the creditable fact that Mr. Solon Longworthy, (of the firm of Longworthy & Brothers, who are perhaps the wealthiest firm in Iowa, and who are large real estate owners and landlords in Dubuque,) a day or two since visited all his tenants, occupying stores and dwellings in that city, and *voluntarily* reduced their rents 33⅓ per cent., and, in one instance, remitted $50 on rent past due.

ONE MILLION one hundred copies of the services appointed to be read on the day of humiliation in England were sold by book-sellers and hawkers, in addition to the copies printed for the parochial clergy and others. Two were done up in black velvet for the use of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and one in black morocco for each member of the Royal Family. The Prince of Wales's copy had a translation in Welsh on the opposite page.

THE AUTHOR OF "ALTON LOCKE" ON SOCIAL REFORM.—The Rev Charles Kingsley has delivered an able lecture at Bristol on Social Reform, especially as it affects the working classes. His single proposal is to improve the physical condition of the class—by abolishing foul air, water and lodgings—and by preventing the overcrowding of dwellings in which morality was difficult, because common decency was impossible.

IT IS SAID that one reason for discontinuance of the publication of the weekly list of failures in the New York Independent, was that the moment a firm was published in it, all its Western debtors ceased to remit or pay their debts in any shape.

JAMES O. BRAYMAN, late editor of the Chicago Democrat, having plead guilty to stealing letters from the Post Office in that city, has been sentenced to four years' hard labor in the Penitentiary.

WE HAVE lamentable accounts of great freshets in northern New York. The Ausable river rose sixteen feet, sweeping away bridges, stores, mills, factories, etc. At Champlain village, the damage done amounts to $50,000.

A NEW MODE of stealing hogs is now in fashion in the neighborhood of Taunton, Mass. Chloroform is administered, when they are removed from their pen *without a squeal.*

JOHN SCHMIDT is a German banker in Louisville. He suffered a run, was obliged to suspend, but did not close his doors. He simply stuck up a notice in high Dutch, that he was going to have some money pretty soon. Two days after, he took down the notice, and put up another, stating that he had $15,000 on hand. There was another run, and the $15,000 was soon gone. John put up the old notice again, and next day was again in funds, when, in accordance with his old plan, he changed the notice. At last accounts there was no run on John Schmidt, and his depositors had all come back to him. That was straightforward Dutch pluck and honesty.

THE *N. Y. Independent*, last week, did not publish its usual list of failures. The editors say some of their friends have doubted the propriety of spreading such intelligence before the public, during the present disastrous crisis—hence it is determined, for the present at least, to suspend the customary publication.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BANK.—The investigation which has been going on for a week or two past, by the Directors of the *Bank of Pennsylvania*, into the affairs of that institution, we understand has been brought so near a close that an invitation was yesterday extended to the Presidents of the other banks of the city, to examine the result. This was declined, on the ground that the city banks had appointed a committee of their numbers to represent them on the subject, and to interfere in the matter until the committee had made its report, would be indelicate and improper. We understand generally, however, that the exhibit is not favorable. The immediate liabilities of the Bank, in round numbers, independent of capital stock we are informed, is about two millions of dollars—to meet which, there are assets appraised at one and three quarter millions. If this appraisement and amount of liabilities are correct, the bank would seem to be unable to pay its debts, leaving nothing for stockholders. We have feared for several days an unfavorable result of this examination, but did not anticipate one quite so calamitous as is here reported. The nominal amount of assets is, of course, more than the amount appraised as available, though we are told there is a hiatus of very considerable extent in the Bank's accounts, covered by no representative value whatever. In every properly conducted bank, the ledger account will show on one side all that the bank owes, including its capital; on the other all that is owing to the bank, and the *two* are made to balance, something being received to show for every dollar expended. This, the examination at the Bank of Pennsylvania, we are informed, has not thus far been able to demonstrate. The business of the institution seems very much at loose ends. Within a day or two, assets of the value of a hundred thousand dollars, said to be entirely reliable, were found stuck in an out of the way pigeon hole. The bank holds, we believe, about $175,000 of its own stock; a portion of this, however, has been pledged to one or more of the interior banks, through the agency of a third party, who now stands liable to the interior bank for the amount. The committee representing the city banks in this matter, or a majority of it, is understood to be averse to an attempt at resuscitation, and the indications now are, that it will go into liquidation, and probably out of existence, leaving as little for its shareholders as did its great prototype, the Bank of the United States. Noteholders and depositors will probably be paid.—*Public Ledger.*

INTERESTING GUNPOWDER EXPERIMENT.—At the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Reid described the failure of an intended incendiary to do a great act of mischief by the very means he adopted to make his success more certain. Thus, to insure an explosion of gunpowder in a certain case, the fellow had covered it with a quantity of spirits of turpentine, but, on igniting it, only the turpentine burnt, and the powder continued as before. The philosophy of this the lecturer showed by a striking experiment, wherein again and again turpentine poured on a quantity of gunpowder was ignited and burnt out, and the powder remained unburnt. This was explained on the principle of the candle, that the gunpowder acts as a wick to the turpentine, and will not itself ignite so long as any of the turpentine remains to burn. A piece of common cotton cloth, such as ladies' dresses are made of, was then burnt; and then a piece of similar texture, which had been dipped in a solution of sal ammoniac, was exposed to the action of fire, but would not burn. A similar piece, steeped in a solution of alliciate of potass, was also shown to be quite incombustible.—*Scientific American.*

KILLING AND CURING PIGS BY STEAM.—In a work on the United States, Mr Oscar Commettant gives an account of the application of steam machinery to a very singular purpose—the killing and curing of pigs. He tells us that at Cincinnati, an apparatus, driven by steam, is so arranged that, on a number of pigs being driven into a sort of funnel, they are taken one at a time, cut across the throat by knives, seized hold of by hooks, plunged into a hot well, passed through a brushing cylinder which scours the hair from them, severed below from tail to snout, disemboweled, cleft into joints, salted and barrelled, all in the course of a very few minutes. Hundreds of pigs are taken, we are told, daily to this establishment, to be treated in the highly ingenious and agreeable manner.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 155—Adults 85, and children 70.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The subjoined letter has been furnished to the Washington Union for publication by the superintendent of the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office. It is from a practical farmer residing in Illinois:

Dear Sir:—Numerous inquiries are daily made of me about my success in manufacturing the syrup and sugar from the Chinese sugar cane, a response to which may be perhaps interesting to the public generally, as well as to individuals. My experience, however, is quite limited; yet every idea on this interesting subject may be of importance to aid us in perfecting a system in making for ourselves one of the great staples for family use.

I have succeeded far beyond any expectation I had in producing the most beautiful flavored syrup I have ever tasted. I think I am not deceived, when I say that it will take the place of the Boston golden syrup. I have succeeded also in taking from the syrup the entire cane taste, leaving a very pleasant taste, and as it has a little age it becomes more pleasant; and boiling it down till it becomes quite thick, then setting it aside in some open vessel a few days, it turns and grains gradually into sugar. The manner of my boiling is to put a small sprinkling of unslaked lime—say one gill into 100 gallons of juice—which will at least make twenty gallons of good syrup. I have three and a-half acres of the cane, and have not used more than one-third of an acre, which produced sixty gallons of good syrup.

The secret of removing the entire cane taste is in skimming closely all the green sediment which rises to the surface while boiling. If I am as successful in the after experiment, I shall make twenty barrels of syrup. The labor is no more than to raise as many acres of corn, but the labor in saving the crop is much greater, as the stalk of cane has to be stripped of the leaf and seed, which, in fact, will itself pay for the labor. The mill we are using grinds and presses the stalk all at the same time, and will make forty gallons per hour; and the improvement we design putting upon it, which will be very little more expense, will then make with the same ease 100 gallons per hour. It is constructed somewhat like an old-fashioned cider-mill, except that the cylinders are of cast iron, and turned perfectly round, sixteen inches long, with a shaft running through them, with cog-wheels on each shaft of the top of the cylinder, it being twelve inches in diameter; and at the top of the long shaft cog-wheels to give motion about four or five times to the horse going once round. When the cane is at the machine, a man and a boy can make fifty to sixty gallons per day of good syrup with our first producing machine; and this is done with one small pan, five feet long and three feet wide, placed in an arch; and, from the little experiment I have made, I think there is but little doubt that eventually there will be a great change in our syrup for table use.

Yours, truly, J. H. SMITH.

Mr. A. Brooks.

HOW TO BE REVENGED ON THE SEPOYS.—A witty correspondent of Notes and Queries—an English publication—makes the following amusing suggestions:—

"In its sternest decree and severest execution, revenge itself may be bitterest glutted, as to this world and the next, without infringing on the claims of humanity and civilization. Let the swine, that is the source of the crime, be also the instrument of the punishment, and scorn and slaughter shall alike exult in the expiation, when superstition infuses its own scorpion venom into the sting of suicidal doom. Fortunately for human nature, in every sense, the keenest agony can be inflicted without the physical tortures from which eye and spirit shrink, and the ludicrous may relieve the terrible in a just and righteous retribution. Beleaguer their cities with cordons of boars; let them march from the sally-ports over pigs' feet and cow heels; charge their cavalry with herds of the wild hog; let gun and howitzer throw comminuted pork to clear out their batteries and paralyze their battalions; spare woman, for her influence is universal, even on the untaught gallantry of the conquering soldier; but let infants be carefully cradled in cow-hides, and tenderly nourished on the fattening pap of the sow; anoint the limbs of saintly fakir and yoguee with the unctuous fat of swine; scourge high-caste Brahmin and Oshatrya and ferociously aspiring Mahommedan with thongs of brawn; feed their hunger with chines; let the Mussulman observe Christmas for once on the devilled legs of his *favorite* Turkey—we cannot spare him the whole of the hind quarter; and should the resolute Hindoo prefer starving to death in the unprofaned odor of sanctity, combine this with the flavor of broiling bacon. For Nena Sahib, proclaim that his ashes, if burned, shall be gathered into a stye; that his hardened carcase, found living or dead, shall be carefully larded, to soften it; and that droves of the famishing hog shall hear the consecrated relics in their bosoms as they rove, henceforth and forever, over the site of the levelled Bithoor; you will thus have the fiercest and most effective revenge."

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S RAILWAY TRAIN.—The novelty in the Imperial train consists in the manner in which the carriages are united together by little suspension-bridges, highly carved and ornamented. The *first* carriage is occupied by the servants, the second by the *personnel* of his Majesty's suite; then comes the dining-hall, entirely lined with carved oak and gilt leather—a raised dais marks the place to be occupied by their Majesties. At length comes the "terrace-wagon," an entire novelty, both in execution and intention. It serves as summer-house or belvedere, for the better view of the country through which the train is passing, and is surrounded by a gilt balustrade, round which are set cushioned divans, and baskets filled with odoriferous flowers. The drawing-room is in the style of Louis Quinze, sea-green, carpeted with a flowery-patterned Aubusson. The bedchamber is divided into four compartments, each containing a couch, for the repose of the Emperor and Empress, the Prince Imperial, and his *gouvernante*. The two former are fitted in blue velvet and gold, the two latter in violet and gold.

SOLITARY SENATOR.—In his Kansas speech in Congress, W. R. Smith gives the following singular fact of the early history of Alabama:

"Can you expect perfection of legislation in a border Territory? The legislator, as well as the pioneer, must adapt himself to the inconveniences of wilderness life. The law is no less sacred when made in a log hut than when made in the loftiest capitol of the Republic. You can neither expect the perfection of law nor the graver formalities of the higher order of legislation. In the first Territorial Legislature of Alabama, history informs us that James Titus was the *only member* of the Senate. He sat *alone*, and decided upon the acts of the lower House, and adjourned and met again, with a formality quite ludicrous. Nobody ever thought of impeaching any law of the Territorial Legislature of Alabama, simply because the Senate was composed of a single man, although a quibbler might say that the word Senate has a plural signification of a *number of persons.*"

MARRIED IN A DISSECTING-ROOM.—Last Sunday night a couple were married by the Rev Dr Fisher, at the Dancing Academy, late a Medical College, on Western Row, to which we have before alluded. The prospective bride, we learn, had imbibed a singularly romantic notion, after reading the Gazette, of being wedded in a place that had been used as a dissecting-room, and so she swore to "love, honor and obey," in the same apartment where the dead had lain all ghastly and horrible in the ceremonis of the grave. Whether this rendered the connubial vows more solemn we are unprepared to say; but those flippant jesters who declare matrimony and death closely allied, might find some basis here on which to rest their theory.—*Cincinnati Gazette, 5th ult.*

☞ "Boy," said a fashionably dressed young man to the servant of one of his companions, "is your master at home?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "master is at 'ome, but he's confined to his room. He's a growin' of moustarshes, and ain't allowed to see anybody but his 'airdresser."

☞ The man who minds his own business was in the city on Saturday, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

☞ Pumpernickle says a woman's heart is the most sweetest thing in the world; in fact, a perfect *honeycomb*, full of *cells*. *Bee* ware.

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED IN BALTIMORE.—The Governor of Maryland has issued a proclamation, declaring the city of Baltimore under martial law, and ordering out two divisions of the military, consisting of seven thousand men. This has been done against the desire of the Mayor, but at the request of many respectable citizens. The Mayor denies the authority of the Governor in the premises, and refuses to acknowledge his interference.

Nearly a thousand stand of arms have arrived in Baltimore from Washington. The Rifle Regiment, composed entirely of Germans, has refused to obey the Governor, but has notified the Mayor that it will be in readiness to obey his orders. Several officers of the military have resigned to avoid obedience to the Governor. One of the divisions ordered out has nothing but officers, the intention of the Governor being to enrol and equip 3,000 men for it.

EXPLOSION EXTRAORDINARY.—On Saturday afternoon last, during the organ performance at St George's Hall, Liverpool, many of the audience were suddenly alarmed by a violent report, somewhere about the centre of the music room, which was happily not attended with any dangerous results. It turned out that the noise was in consequence of the bursting of a lady's India-rubber bustle, which in all probability had resulted from the expansion of the air with which it was inflated, by the heat of the crowded room, the material of which the piece of foolery was made being unable to resist the pressure. Alarm was soon succeeded by merriment, in which every one joined except the unfortunate lady herself, who appeared much discomforted.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*

A TROUBLESOME GAS LEAK.—While boring an artesian well in the basement of a paper mill near Watertown, New York, and when a depth of sixty feet had been reached, the drill working badly, a light was brought down to discover the cause, when an inflammable gas issued from the hole, and, igniting, shot up a flame which reached the floor overhead. Two streams of water were turned on from hydrants, but could not check the flames until the whole force of a flume was let into the building and saved it. The gas, however, kept burning until a plug made by winding a blanket around a handspike was thrust into the hole.

A SEBASTOPOL correspondent of the Boston Courier says that the former inhabitants of that ruined city, are constantly returning in transports and steamers, and that already the place has a population of upward of twelve thousand. Before the siege the population was 80,000.

HUNDREDS OF OUR CITIZENS COMPLAIN of debility and langor of the system, derangement of the liver or stomach, want of appetite, &c., they are frequently the result of too close application, and a thousand other causes we cannot here name; but we would say to all so HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by ourselves, do as we have done—get a bottle or two of Dr. Dr. Jackson, and, our word for it, you will be cured. We recommend this medicine, knowing from experience that it is much superior to the generality of patent medicines. We would say to our readers, purchase none unless prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and by druggists or storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper on each bottle.

ARE YOUR LUNGS DISEASED, and would you be cured? do not allow yourself to be *experimented* upon, but try a remedy that has *proved itself* worthy of your confidence. We refer to *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.*

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES IN LADIES' FURS. CHARLES OAKFORD & SON, Importing and Manufacturing Furriers, No. 124 Chestnut Street below 7th, will close their entire stock of Ladies' Furs without regard to cost. oct31-tf

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Ulica, Mich. on Tuesday morning, Oct. 20th, 1857, by the Rev. Wm. Platt, Mr. SEYMOUR BROWSELL, to Miss HESTER M. LAWRENCE.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH S. HARLEY, to Miss JOSEPHINE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the same, Mr. BENJAMIN COMMOY, to Miss ELLEN WALKER, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. JAMES O'REILLY, to Miss ELIZABETH MCFARLAND, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. JOSEPH ANDREWS, to Miss ANNA FORSYTHE.

On the 22d ultimo, by Elder George W. Cox, of Berlin, N. Y., Mr. FRANK COX, to Miss SARAH L. STOWMAN, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. FREDERICK OSTERHELDT, to Miss EMMA P. GAUL, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. HARRY J. EWING, to Miss SALLIE J. TYSON.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. A. R. HARRIS, of Yrenton, to Miss SARAH A. H. WILSON, of Hightstown, N. J.

On the 9th of Sept. by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. WILLIAM B. NORLEYTE, to Miss SARAH COATES, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. H. T. HELMBOLD, to Miss HENRIETTA B. PELL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. N. H. Baldwin, Mr. JONATHAN G. FINCHER, to Miss HETTY BLANKMAN, daughter of Dr. Henry S. A. Blankman.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM SLOAN, aged 80 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Miss ELIZABETH FRANK, aged 19 years.
On the 20th ultimo, HANNAH J. SEMPLE, aged 20 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH MCMULLAN.
On the 27th ultimo, RACHEL A. MUSSER, aged 24 years.
On the 27th ultimo, REGINA, wife of William Long, aged 24 years.
On the 22th ultimo, WILLIAM E. GRIMES, aged 34.
On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH, widow of the late Rudolph Sibly, aged 76 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE C. L. wife of P. Grace, aged 28 yrs 8 ms.
On the 26th ultimo, MARY JANE, wife of Geo. H. Spain, aged 35 years.
On the 25th ultimo, MARTHA L. MILLER, aged 20 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JOHN M. BRYSON, aged 41 years.
On the 25th ultimo, SARAH M. wife of Wm. Holt, aged 20 years.
On the 26th ultimo, ANN SIMPSON, aged 32 years.
On the 24th ult mo, ELIZABETH MULLIN, aged 31 years.
On the 24th ultimo, EMILY M. BLAND, aged 32 years.
On the 24th ultimo, MRS. CHARLOTTE TOY, wife of Jacob Toy, aged 36.
On the 25th ultimo, SARAH M. GARRETSON, wife of Uriah S. Burchall, aged 44 years.
On the 26th ultimo, GEORGE V. ANDREWS, aged 19 years.
On the 24th ultimo, JOHN HOOVER, aged 73 years
On the 24th ultimo, JOHN P. THOMPSON, aged 25 years.
On the 24th ultimo, ANN BUCKLEY.
On the 25th ultimo, RICHARD WATERS, aged 42 years.
On the 24th ultimo, SARAH ACHUFF, aged 44 years.
On the 23d Mr. JACOB PISTER, aged 80 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 31, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**Georgia.**	
Solvent bks	par to 2 dis	Solv bks	10 dis
Relief notes	par	**South Carolina.**	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	6 dis
Solvent bks	par to 3 dis	**Alabama.**	
Delaware.		Solv bks	10 dis
Solvent bks	par	**Mississippi.**	
Maryland.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	4 dis	**Louisiana.**	
Solvent bks	6 dis	Solv bks	15 dis
New York.		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par	Solv bks	5 dis
Maine.		**Kentucky.**	
Solv bks	par	Solv bks	5 dis
New Hampshire.		**Indiana.**	
Solv bks	par	Solvent bks	5 dis
Vermont.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks	par	Solvent bks	20 to 50 dis
Connecticut.		**Missouri.**	
Solv bks	par	Solv bks	6 dis
Massachusetts.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks	par	Solv bks	15 to 20 dis
Rhode Island.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks	par	Solv bks	15 dis
Virginia.		**Wisconsin.**	
Solv bks	5 to 10 dis	Solv bks	10 to 15 dis
North Carolina.		**Texas.**	
Solv bks	5 to 10 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	20 dis
Canada.			
Solv bks	3½ dis		

RELIEF FOR HARD TIMES.

I WISH TO PROCURE AN AGENT, either Lady or Gentleman, for every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a genteel business, by which from $100 to $200 per month can be realized. For particulars, address, with stamp, W. B. ACTON, 41 N. 6th St., Philada. no7-4t

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL says:—We see that GODEY has been awarded by a Committee at a State Fair, in one of the Western States, a premium for publishing the best LADIES' BOOK in the country, over fifteen competitors. That is sufficient. 11

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, at Reduced Prices. No. 622 Market St., below Sixth St. THOMAS W. BAILY, Successor to W. BAILY & SON, oct3-tf

AGENTS WANTED.—New business—genteel, easy and profitable—$2 to $5 per day—no capital required. For postage on circulars and testimonials inclose stamp. Box 13 Litchfield, Conn. oct31-2t

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FOR NOVEMBER.

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On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most salable. Please open a correspondence with us; and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to your address our General Circular of Books, terms, and full information relative to the business. Address ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, nov29-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for July.—We are indebted to the Publisher for this work. There should be additional superlative expressions for GODEY. He is beyond praise, he cannot be beyond improvement. The old Romans had Household gods; but we have in Godey's Book a Household book, worth all their deities put together. It teaches everything, from the systematizing of children's fancies to the duties of the mother of the family. It leads the whole world along whether it will or no: it always making it better as it goes.—*Valley, Gusterville.*

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

GOLD and SILVER HUNTING CASE, OPEN DIAL, LEVER, LEPINE and PLAIN WATCHES.

J. LADOMUS has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above, of various celebrated makers, which he warrants to give full satisfaction as timekeepers; also, a large assortment of JEWELRY, of every description, all of which he offers for sale at the LOWEST PRICES, at his store, No. 1113, formerly 413 Market St., above Eleventh. sep5-3m

THE WM. J. MARSDEN WATCH.

The subscribers' sole agents in the United States for this celebrated make of Watch, would recommend it to persons wishing a time-piece on which they can *implicitly rely* to keep *correct time.*

It is finished with ten leaf pinions, genuine ruby jewels and chronometer balance, carefully adjusted, to counteract the variations caused by heat and cold, and is unequalled for time-keeping qualities by any fine English movement ever imported into this country.

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N. B.—The above Watches can be sent safely by mail or express to any part of the Union. jan17-sowly

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Prepaid orders executed promptly, and mailed. oct3-6t

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR REAL ESTATE AT THE EASTWARD.—The Rancho Pescadero—three miles from Monterey, on the coast of the Pacific—estimated to contain 200,000 cords of wood, worth at San Francisco $9 or $10 per cord, with mansion house and other improvements. It has a good port, protected from prevailing winds. Inquire of JOHN C. GORE, sep12-9t Monterey, California.

SAVING FUND—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, has over ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS all in first class Securities. Interest *Five Per Cent.* Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. sep19 26t

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER, for Taming, Keeping and Doctoring Horses and Colts. Only 25 cents, 6 copies for $1. Address C. J. ELDRIDGE, Cincinnati, O. Mailed to every part of the U. S. 11

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WANTED—300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A salary of $100 per month. A capital of only $5 required. Full particulars given to all who inclose a stamp and address UNION AGENCY, Pascoalo, R. I.

WANTED—Male and Female Agents, to sell a new book, just published a work that will sell to every lady to whom it may be presented. It is a production of rare merit and beauty, by a distinguished clergyman. Apply to the Publishers,
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NOT HARD TIMES!—$25 per week for

Wit and Humor.

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. CODIX, BY A. POPE.

Behold the Mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavillion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin stride,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides;
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*,
Whose tooth insidious Johnny's sackcloth rent!

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous Cow with crumpled horn
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predaceous, whose keen fangs run through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn damsel crowned with rue,
Lucriferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The braying hound, whose braggart bark and attr
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with vermicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that *erst* in Juan's courts we saw.

Rebel in senescent garb, that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros's osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose inet-alble hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realms ethereal was borne
The beast cabalean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the Priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the thorn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of the horned brute morose
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *killed*
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A FIGHTING TURK.

"Pierce Pungent," in the New York News, tells the following good story:

"During the operations of the Allies in the Crimea, it was resolved to carry the water in from a beautiful spring of the finest Croton to the camp. Leather pipes or hose were employed; while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayer, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went flop on his knees, to praise Allah! Unfortunately he went down right upon the hose, and his weight consequently stopped the current of that "first of elements," as Pindar calls water in his first Olympiad.

"Get up," cried an English soldier.

"*Voulez vous avoir la bonte, mon cher, Monsieur le Turque*," cried a Frenchman with native politeness.

"That ain't the way to make a Turk move," cried another; "this is the dodge."

So saying, he knocked his turban off. Still the pious Mussulman went on with his devotions.

"I'll make him stir his trumps," said another Englishman, giving him a remarkable smart kick.

To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well-kicked follower of the prophet went praying on, as though he was a forty-horse parson.

"Hoot way, mon—I'll show you how we serve obstinate folk at auld Reekie," quietly observed a Scotchman; he was, however, prevented, for the Turk, having finished his *Allah wis ou Allah!*" rose and began to take off his coat, then to roll up his sleeves, and then to bedew his palms with saliva, and then to put himself in the most approved boxing attitude, a la Yankee Sullivan.

He then advanced in true Tom Hyer style to the Englishman who had kicked him.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art.

The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with a Turk of such a truly John Bull state of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master—in five minutes he had received his *quantum suff.* As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the admiring bystanders, in the pure brogue,

"Bad luck to ye, ye spalpeens; when ye're afther kicking a Turk, I'd advise ye the next time to jist be sure he's not an Irishman."

The mystery was solved—our Turk was a Tipperary man.

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.—At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed the sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One of the party produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outdone, when—

A second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him.

The palm is his, was the general cry, when a third put in his claim—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of either of my two predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbiter, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard-of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person capable. The prize is yours, sir."

☞ Dobbs is a strong believer in "guardian angels." If it were not for them, he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep?"

THE ARTISTIC(!) STUDIO.

A STERESCOPIC SCENE FROM FASHIONABLE LIFE.

"LOVE, PRIDE, REVENGE."—The Group represents a young minstrel of humble origin, declaring his passion to a lady of noble parentage. Her haughty brother, as may be seen from his menacing attitude, is about to avenge the insult offered to his family!

A SPECIMEN BRICK

From Sphynx's Great Tragedy of the "Flat Burglary, or the Atrocious Villain."

ACT V. SCENE VII.

[Scene: a perpendicular rock two hundred feet high; six yards square at the top. Captain Hercules Clapperclaw, R. N., stature five feet six; circumference, five feet precisely; hair red; complexion blue; appears mounting a ladder to the summit. As he reaches the fourth round from the top, the head and shoulder of Clarence Montmorency, the ardent and chivalrous young American, the defender of Isabel De Courcy, appears at the top of a ladder on the other side. His elegant figure is attired with fastidious taste. The rivals stare for a moment in mutual astonishment.]

Montmorency (in clarion tones), "Fiend!"

Clapperclaw (hoarsely), "Ape!"

Mont. "Demon!"

Clap. "Baboon!"

(Montmorency leaps upon the rock.)

Mont. "Here, monster, if you dare the encounter, our mortal feud shall end, till I meet thee again upon the blistering crags of the infernal world!"

Clap. "Fool! give bail against flight by doing thus!" (He mounts the rock and hurls his ladder into the abyss.)

Mont. "Boastful bully of the seething surge, behold my pledge!" (He tips his own ladder into the chasm.)

Clap. "Now, dainty sir, can you tell me what is the difference between the ruler of the Tartar hordes and an unsuccessful aspirant for renown?"

Mont. "Wretch! I can. The one is a great Khan, the other is a great Can't."

Clap. "For a carpet-knight, not bad; but now, nincompoop, tell me, into what insect is an iceberg transformed when it sinks to the bed of the illimitable ocean?"

Mont. "Execrable assassin! I smile in serene derision at thy poisoned dagger. Thus I answer: it becomes a bed berg, of course."

Clap. "Perhaps, then, perfumed jackanape, you can explain the electro-magnetic difference between the functionary who commands you distant railway train and the minion who 'tends the brakes?"

Mont. "With ease: the former being the conductor, the latter is of course a non-conductor."

Clap. (Losing his temper.) "Sheep! I will trifle no longer. Tell me now why the Atlantic Telegraph Cable should be styled the Bosphorus?"

Mont. "Because, being attached at one extremity to Ireland, 't will become a famous crossing-place for bulls. And now, ruffian," (clarion tone again) "answer me this: why is a paralyzed cockroach like a fictitious narrative?"

Clap. (With a sinking sensation in his stomach, but keeping up a bold face in his desperate predicament.) "Solve that disgusting problem yourself, puppy! Hercules Clapperclaw, R. N., disdains such butchery of his royal mistress's English."

Mont. "Because, monster, it is a numb bug" (an 'umbug.)

(Clapperclaw staggers—falls over the precipice.)

Mon. "Down with thee to Pandemonium, remorseless wretch!"

Curtain falls: Finis.

Note.—An injunction against the publication of the thrilling tragedy, of which the foregoing is the closing scene, has been served on the author. He is ready, however, to give public readings in the principal cities of the United States and Canada on short notice. Persons of weak nerves not admitted.

A MODERN STRAWBERRY.—Our old friend Bangs was invited by a friend to his house to partake of a julep, of which he was very fond. It was handed to him in a silver goblet lined with gold. After sipping a portion, Bangs turned to his host, and remarked that it was astonishing what an addition a strawberry gave to the flavor of a julep. His friend replied that he was very sorry that he did not have a strawberry to put into it. "But," said Bangs, "there is certainly one in this." Upon his host's asserting the contrary, he insisted that he saw it distinctly, and drained the goblet to get the berry—when lo and behold, he found that it was only the reflection of *his own nose!*—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Agricultural.

NOVEMBER WORK.

FARM.—Lay up manures in compost. Gather leaves from the woods, and place them in hog pens, composts, &c., &c. Recollect that the inorganic constituents of all growth are to be more plentifully found in their leaves than in any other part. If you desire to start hot-beds in the spring, save a large quantity of leaves under cover for that purpose. Do not attempt to winter more stock than you have abundant means of providing for. If young animals are badly fed, they never thrive well afterwards. Should the season remain sufficiently open, ridge clayey soils, and thus let your land be storing up ammonia from the atmosphere for spring use; the frost will thus have an opportunity of destroying many insects, and a dressing of six bushels of refuse salt to the acre on these ridges, will do away with one-third the usual quantity of weeds, and nine-tenths of the insects. Ridged ground will be ready for tillage in early spring.

Cut wood to be burnt twelve months hence, and, if practicable, under-drain wet or heavy lands.

ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.—Manure fruit trees, spading in thoroughly. Manure strawberries; cover raspberries. Bank around trees to prevent the attack of mice. Cover tender grapes. Remove grape layers from the parent vines. Grafts may be cut, and preserved as formerly directed. Make wire fences, which may be used for trellises.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Attend to cold frames, and see them properly protected. Do not let your late crops be frozen in the ground. Put away turnips, beets, celery, carrots, &c., &c. Cover spinage, shallots, young onions, out-door lettuce and cabbage-plants, with cedar brush if you have it, and if not, salt hay, flag or straw. Protect cabbages. Dress and cover asparagus beds, salting them freely. Cover rhubarb. Dress globe artichokes. Dig up horse radish and parsnips for winter use, and protect.

Bean poles, pea sticks, &c, should be stowed away in a dry place to prevent their decay.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Take up dahlia roots on dry days; do not shake off the dirt, but remove it by hand, or the tubers will break at their necks. Cut the stems within a few inches of the ground, label them carefully, and put them away in a dry cellar, free from frost, or heat beyond seventy five degrees; bury the tubers in dry sand, the stems projecting above, and cover the whole with something to prevent the light from *greening* the tubers, and thus lessening their value. Read Buist's *American Flower Garden Directory*, p. 129 to 132 inclusive. Protect half hardy out door plants; barrels with one head well pierced with holes, mats, brush, straw, &c., &c., may each be used according to the height of plants necessary for protection, &c. Herbaceous plants may be covered with tan, partially decayed leaves, &c., &c., all of which must be removed in early spring.

Cut down weeds, collect stakes, look to glazing frames, &c. Do not water plants while the ground is frozen about the roots.

SAVE THE SOOT.—This, though generally thrown into the street and wasted, is one of the best manures. It is extensively used in England, and when only fifteen or twenty bushels are applied to the acre, it induces the most luxuriant crops of wheat, and other grains. It contains, in small compass, almost all the ingredients of the coal or wood used for fuel. It also contains several salts of ammonia, magnesia, lime and muriatic acid. Its components are the natural food or stimulants of plants, and it can be used to great advantage as a concentrated fertilizer, to stimulate germinating seeds in the drill. It is not only sown broadcast with the grain, but it is applied to the root crops with the best results.—Potatoes and carrots especially are benefited by it. Six quarts of soot to a hogshead of water make an excellent liquid manure for the garden. It can be applied with safety to all garden crops, and will pay well for saving. In putting the stoves, furnaces and fireplaces in order for winter, bear it in mind that soot is valuable, and will be wanted for spring use.—One, two, three or more barrels can be saved easily in most families, especially where wood is burned.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

1. Attend to gathering your apples soon. Very hard frosts may injure them, and the longer they remain on the trees the more they will be pilfered.

2. Gather all you intend to keep for eating *by hand*. Have a fruit ladder, hang a basket before you, with a strap about your neck, ascend the tree, pick the basket full, and place the apples carefully in barrels previously placed under the trees. Old barrels that have had salt in them are said to be better than others. They should be dry.

3. Remove the barrels to a dry, cool place, in the barn or house. Let their covers remain off, and let the apples stand a few days. By this time they will have sweated enough. Then sort them, reserving the defective ones for use soon. The best ones place on shelves, or in boxes, where they will not be more than two or three deep, and keep them in a dry place, either in a cellar or a room above ground, where they will be just warm enough to escape injury from the frost.

4. Another mode is to sort them as they are gathered, and place the best ones in boxes, as just stated, without sweating. Some prefer this mode. It is certainly less troublesome.

5. Pick your apples in a dry day. It is more pleasant work, and the fruit will keep better dry. Wet apples, *wiped dry*, are thought to lose some of their fine flavor, and to rot sooner than those gathered dry.

6. Apples that are to be fed out at once, or made into cider soon, need not be picked. Shaking them from the tree is more expeditious, and does not hurt them much.

7. Winter pears may be gathered now, or any time before hard frosts, and placed carefully in a dark, dry place, to soften and sweeten.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PREPARING POULTRY.

Preparing.—Make them fat. A grain-fed, plump, fat fowl will sell for double the price *per pound* of a lean one. A liberal feeding, for a few weeks before killing, will nearly double the weight and double the price, making a quadruple return for the finishing off food.

Killing.—Keep them from bruising themselves. Secure the wings the instant they are caught, and tie them behind the back. Tie the legs together, hang them upon a pole, and then cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving as long a neck as possible. Let them hang until they bleed clean. Keep them from food for two or three hours before killing. Any grain left in the crop sours and materially injures the flesh if kept long before cooking.

Dressing.—Pick them dry, taking particular care not to tear or bruise the flesh. If scalded at all let it be done quickly and in water not quite boiling hot. Be careful not to rub off the outer thin skin from the legs. If not to be packed in boxes, after picking dry or scalding, wash them in clean, warm soap-suds, and "plump" them, that is, hold them in boiling water about five seconds. If to be packed for carrying a long distance, do not wet them at all, except to wash the neck. Strip back the skin on the neck, cut off the neck bone, draw the loose skin over, tie it tightly, cut off the bloody portion a little way beyond the string and wash off any blood, wiping dry. This will keep them clean and bloodless, and increase their saleableness.

Marketing.—Let them hang until entirely cold, and then pack in rye straw if it be obtainable, putting them into boxes holding not over two hundred pounds. The packing straw should be bright and clean, and it will be greatly improved by drying it in a warm oven before using. Put straw between the carcasses, and around the sides of the box—enough to act as a spring to prevent bruising, and pack straw closely under the cover. A little care of the kind described above, will greatly increase the market value. Most persons keep back all their poultry until Christmas or New Year's day. This is not always the best policy. We have noticed for several years, that poultry is scarcest and highest here for a few weeks *before* the holidays. This will be the case this year. There will not be half the usual demand for turkeys and other fowls at Christmas, because a majority of families are economizing, and there will be a great decrease in the number of the lower classes who can afford to buy poultry at all, unless it happens to be the cheapest food in market. As soon as settled cold weather arrives, poultry if dressed and packed as above in tight boxes, may be sent from the most Western States to this market. Contract for the through expenses and send to some reliable commission dealer who will take the packages in charge on their arrival, and dispose of them at once.—*Agriculturalist.*

LEAF MANURE.—The best manure, says Liebig, for almost every plant, is the decomposed leaves and substances of its own species: hence, when the small onions, or scullions, as they are called, are left upon the bed, and turned under the soil, they greatly benefit the succeeding crop. An annual dressing of salt, in moderate quantities, sown broadcast over the whole garden early in spring, is beneficial, destroying the germs of insects, and acting on the foliage of plants, retaining moisture, &c. Ten bushels to the acre will answer the purpose.

Useful Receipts.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before using. It will then burn both sweet and pleasant, giving much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

A USEFUL FACT.—In peeling onions put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

LIQUID GLUE.—A strong liquid glue, that will keep for years without changing, may be made by placing in a glazed vessel a quart of water and about three pounds of hard glue. This is to be melted over a gentle fire in a glue pot, and stirred up occasionally. When all the glue is melted, drop in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid, when effervescence will gradually take place. The vessel is then to be taken off the fire and allowed to cool. Liquid glue made in this manner, has been kept for more than two years in an uncorked bottle without any change. It will be useful for many trades, where a strong glue is required without the trouble of melting.

TO MAKE STARCH IN QUANTITY.—Take a bucket full of wheat, and put it in a barrel with two or three buckets full of warm water; set it in the sun or a warm place, till it gets a little soft, then pour off the water. With a maul pound and mash the grains as much as you can, then add more warm water, or let it set till it ferments, pounding it often, till the bran comes off; then rub it through a colander and sieve; wash and strain it through flannel-cloth—blue it, pour off the top for starch for calicoes, and you will have a large quantity of nice starch settle at the bottom.

READY MADE YEAST.—Perhaps all our lady readers may not understand the best method of having good ready made yeast always at hand. We invariably have good bread made from yeast cakes prepared as follows: Put into three pints of water a handful of hops and nearly a quart of pared potatoes cut into small pieces. Boil for half an hour, and strain while scalding hot into sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Stir it well, adding one tablespoonful of fresh yeast, and set into a warm place to rise. When light mix it stiff with Indian meal, roll out thin and cut into round cakes or square pieces two to two and a-half inches in diameter. Dry these thoroughly and keep them in a bag in a dry place. They will remain good for months. Before using take one of these cakes for each medium sized loaf, soak in warm water till soft and add a teaspoonful of soda for three or four yeast cakes. Add this to the flour with warm water, and raise in the usual manner. Some put the light yeast without adding the Indian meal, into close jars or jugs, and use as needed. It will not keep many weeks by this method.—*Agriculturalist.*

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEKS.—Next to the pleasure enjoyed by the traveller in contemplating the ruins of Greece must be ranked that of comparing the singularity of the manners of the present inhabitants with those of the ancients. In many of the ordinary practices of life this resemblance is striking. The hottest hours of the day are still devoted to sleep, as they were in the times recorded by Xenophon, when Conon attempted to escape from the Lacedæmonians at Lesbos, and when Phœbidas surprised the citadel of Thebes. The Greeks still feed chiefly upon vegetables, and salted or pickled provisions. The eyebrows of the Greek women are still blackened by art, and their cheeks painted occasionally with red and white, as described by Xenophon. This latter custom in particular is universal in Zante among the upper classes. The layer, from which water is poured from the hand previous to eating, appears by many passages in the Odyssey to have been a common utensil in the time of Homer; and something like the small moveable table, universally used in the Levant, seems to have been common among the ancient Greeks. According to Herodotus, in his description of the banquet given by the Theban Antigonus to Mardonius and the chiefs of the Persian army, there were two men, a Persian and a Theban, placed at each table; which circumstance, being so particularly remarked, was probably a deviation from the custom of each person having a table to himself.—*Turner's Tour in the Levant.*

THE WHITE NEGRO.—Once, and only once, during my life, I have had an opportunity of examining minutely an entirely white negro. In the year 1812 there lived in the town of Stabroek, the capital of Demerara, a man of this complexion. He was a robust young fellow—by no means what they called an Albino, as his eyes were just of the same color as those of his tribe. He went by the name of Bochra Jem, or White Jemmy, and was a tailor by trade. I found his skin in all respects the same as my own, saving that where the sun had given mine the appearance of mahogany, his was blotched with broad freckles of a lighter tint. In other respects, he was in reality a negro from head to foot. He stood apparently five feet nine inches in height, with a finely expanded chest, and a back as straight as an arrow. But he was deficient in the calves of his legs, while you could not help remarking the protrusion of his heels, so noted in the negro. Both his father and his mother were healthy, jet black negroes. He appeared to be about twenty years old, and was probably the only white negro ever seen in Demerara.—*Waterton's Essays.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 31, 25, 8, 6, 30, 19, 5, was a King of Pergamus.
My 30, 21, 9, 24, was an English Admiral.
My 29, 27, 17, 16, 29, 21, was a King of England.
My 14, 21, 30, 5, 26, 28, was a British Admiral.
My 9, 7, 1, 2, 17, 30, 5, was a Governor of New York.
My 31, 32, 16, 3, 17, 55, was a Governor of New York.
My 20, 30, 13, 24, 11, 17, 9, was a British General.
My 3, 17, 23, 9, 27, 12, was a British Admiral.
My 1, 2, 8, 3, 30, 27, 6, was a King of England.
My 29, 8, 15, 27, 5, was an American Commander.
My 30, 21, 5, 30, 19, 27, was a British Commander.
My 11, 4, 30, 5, 23, 15, was a European town near which a treaty was signed.
My total was an event which occurred in the year 60, A. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 10, 11, 14, is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 4, 6, 11, is a county in Georgia.
My 12, 4, 10, 1, is a county in Alabama.
My 1, 6, 13, 4, 7, is a county in Illinois.
My 11, 4, 13, 10, 11, is a river in Utah Territory.
My 9, 8, 5, 9, 10, 1, is a river in Canada East.
My 11, 1, 10, is a lake in New Brunswick.
My 3, 4, 4, 13, is a river in Hungary.
My whole was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. JOS. G. STONE.
Pleasant Gap, Centre Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 2, 3, 19, 18, 17, 31, 30, 34, 36, 22, is a river in Indiana.
My 29, 24, 27, 2, 19, 35, is a lady's name.
My 37, 9, 36, 21, 30, 13, is a county in Iowa.
My 18, 11, 2, 25, 20, 29, is a county in Indiana.
My 31, 3, 27, 31, 30, 16, 13, 3, 9, is a nation of people in Prussia.
My 5, 34, 29, 1, 6, is a river in Russia.
My 13, 10, 11, 9, 16, 10, is a vegetable.
My 12, 7, 35, is a body of water.
My 8, 15, 19, 34, is a man's name.
My 14, 15, 9, 6, 3, 12, 13, is an island in South America.
My 22, 23, 3, 21, 28, is a man that is banished from his country.
My 26, 33, 34, is a river in Europe.
My 32, 25, 36, 21, 20, 13, is a county in Arkansas.
My whole is one of Napoleon Bonaparte's Marshals.
Myne's Mills, Ills. C. TUTTLE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

First's a noble creature,
Useful to mankind,
Both in town and country
You will always find.

Second is a biped,
White, red, black or brown;
Sometimes all day labors—
Sometimes wears a crown.

Third is very often
Seen upon the sea;
Hears the hopes of many
Waiting anxiously.

Whole's a well-known science,
Makes us healthy—strong;
Second oft indulges,
First must go along.

GAHNEW.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city that in this state is found;
Is used by boatmen, 'tis long, flat and round;
Is in the garden much grown for food;
Is used to speak of other's good;
The initials and the finals name
Two English poets of much fame.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Erase my 2, 5, 6, 7, and I am a kind of fruit.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, and I am found on every farm.
Erase my 1, 3, 4, 7, and I am a destructive animal.
Erase my 1, 4, 5, and I am a religious ceremony.
Erase my 2, 3, 4, and I am thought by some to preside over events.
My whole is a vessel.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Met no plier.
2. Ann is a pol.
3. Fingered lips.
4. Far Front K.
5. N. got memory.
6. R can sew on.
7. Rich'd no *m*.
8. Ah! all Tease S.

Shoenersville, Pa. QUEBECK.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Forty-five equal circles touch each other externally, and inclose between the points of contact just one acre. Find the diameters of the circles.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ A FINANCIAL QUESTION.—Why ought all the States in the Union to be worth one hundred cents in the dollar? Ans.—Because the sisters of a large family are always at par(e) for cash.

☞ In what does the American Indian differ from modern ladies? The one *war whoops* in time of battle, the others *wear hoops* in time of peace.

☞ When is a family worth twenty cents. Ans.—When it has a Frank (franc) in it.

☞ An unfortunate individual has sent us the following proof of his unfitness to be at large under the supposition of vanity.—"Why shouldn't you sell anything to a man in bed?" Ans.—"Because a cash business is best, and it is evident that he would be buying upon *tick*."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The Proverbs of Solomon. A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Daniel Webster the defender and expounder of the Constitution. RIDDLE.—Pearl. CHARADE.—Woodworth (inventor of the Planing Machine.) CHARADE.—Toma-hawk. ANAGRAMS.—Consternation, Potentates, Illegitimately, Correspondent, Influence, Extemporaneously, Contemptuously, Thermometers, Undiminished, Parishioner, Gesticulate. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—33.15 10-21 per yard. The original quantity of cloth was 280 yards.

ANSWER TO CHARADE PUBLISHED OCT. 3.

Whales inhabit the stormy sea,
And sport with ocean's wave;
Darting swiftly wild and free
O'er many a seaman's grave.

Next *Bones* lie hid within us all,
Beneath the flesh secrete;
In animals, both large and small,
The same we always meet.

The whole *I hear* now oft surrounds
The fashion-leaders dress;
Heaven grant where'er such skirts abound,
Whalebones may ne'er be less.

Charleston, S. C. PALMETTO.

☞ Husband and wife should learn to help one another, sharing, and enjoying everything in common, with the same cheerful division of labor as a knife and fork!—*Lady Clutterbuck.*